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VOL. XCV—NO. 2458

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1912

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THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN

By

Sir JOHN MURRAY, K.C.B., F.R.S., etc.

of the "Challenger" Expedition

and

Dr. JOHAN HJORT

Director of Norwegian Fisheries

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

Professors A. APPELLÖF, H. H. GRAN, and Dr. B. HELLAND-HANSEN

NOTE. — A general account of the modern science of **OCEANOGRAPHY** based largely on the scientific researches of the Norwegian steamer "**MICHAEL SARS**" in the North Atlantic during 1910.

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Historical Review of Oceanographical Investigations — The Ship and Its Equipment — The Work and Cruises of the "Michael Sars" — Depths and Deposits of the Ocean — Physical Oceanography — Pelagic Plant Life — Fishes from the Sea-Bottom — Invertebrate Bottom Fauna of the Norwegian Sea and North Atlantic — Pelagic Animal Life — General Biology — Indexes

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64-66 Fifth Ave.
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The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The Nation is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co. Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Patterson, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor; Harold deWolf Fuller, Assistant Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada \$3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union \$4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1912.

The Week

We are in full accord with those Washington dispatches which describe the Lodge resolution as a new and greater Monroe Doctrine. For, whereas the original Monroe Doctrine had but one object, the prevention of European wars of conquest on American soil, the present declaration has no less than three objects in view: to safeguard the Panama Canal, to maintain inviolate the peace of the world, and to save Senator Lodge's face. Magdalena Bay is at the bottom of it all. Mr. Lodge and Capt. Hobson were in agreement that terrible things were going on in Magdalena Bay. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations took up the matter and found—nothing. It would have been more than human for Senator Lodge to bring in a report to that effect, especially if, by intuition, he knew that something must be wrong, even if the evidence was missing. He was like Montesquieu's philosopher, who could draw the right conclusions from the wrong data. If it wasn't Japan, then it must be Germany. If it is not a foreign Government that threatens the territorial integrity of the American continent, then it must be a foreign syndicate. Historians who love to trace the connection between epoch-making effects and insignificant causes have now another instance at hand. The world is to have a newer and greater Monroe Doctrine because Senator Lodge got himself into a hole.

It is, of course, quite unpardonable of Jane Addams, Dr. Henry Moskowitz, and Dr. J. E. Spingarn to do anything to break the force of Col. Roosevelt's expulsion of the negro delegates from the South by trying to commit the Progressive party to an expression of sympathy for the colored man. That they are all three directors in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is naturally no excuse. Miss Addams even went so far as to make an eloquent plea for the colored people, on the ground that this new party, which is to be dedicated to the workingman and woman, and is heartily in favor of the enfranchisement of women, cannot

afford to turn its back upon ten millions of American people because of their color. This will irk the Colonel not a little. The friends of the negro and the negro himself should take their medicine like men—and women.

"Funds will be ample," is the glad news that comes from George W. Perkins, rocking the cradle of the Progressive party in Chicago. His message of good cheer conveys a double reassurance. All legitimate expenses of the Convention and the new party will be paid; and one infers that the word legitimate will be interpreted with genial elasticity. Furthermore, the Harvester Trust ally of Roosevelt has the reputation of being a reasonably thrifty citizen who does not like to throw good money after bad. If he paid out the large sums with which he has been credited in the effort to procure the Colonel's nomination by the Republicans, and now is willing to go deep into his jeans again to finance the third party, he must be hopeful of getting some return on his investment in politics. At any rate, he shows an accurate knowledge of the ways of the lavish Bull Moose campaigners when he hastens to assure them in advance that they will have plenty of money to handle. But suppose the moving spirit of an indicted Trust were thus flourishing his wealth in behalf of Taft—what howls would come up like thunder 'cross Oyster Bay!

Everybody at Washington is busily engaged in putting everybody in a hole. That is the seeming explanation of the general tariff tangle into which the two houses of Congress have fallen. The Democrats are anxious to embarrass the Republican Senate and the Republican President by sending them tariff bills which they will hate to take and dread to reject. On the other hand, the Senate wishes to make it awkward for the House. La Follette seeks to dish the regular Republicans; and hence wool and cotton and sugar and steel are knocked back and forth in the game of battledore and shuttlecock. All this is called making "political capital." Statesmen are exerting themselves to see if they can get the better of one another in the matter of party tariff strategy. It

apparently occurs to no one that political capital could be made by uniting in a real measure of relief from needless tariff taxes, or that there is no better tactics than straightforward action in the interest of the whole country.

The significant feature of our record-breaking exportation of manufactures for the last fiscal year is not that for the first time they have crossed the billion-dollar mark, but that they are outstripping our exports of foodstuffs. Twenty years ago, they formed but 18 per cent. of our total exports, as against the 50 per cent. that foodstuffs made. Ten years later, the 18 per cent. had become 33, and the 50 per cent. had gone down to 38. To-day the proportions of 1892 are almost exactly reversed, manufactures comprising 47 per cent. of the exports, and foodstuffs but 20 per cent. What used to be said of business in this country as contrasted with scholarship is evidently increasingly true of manufactures and agriculture. Brains are going into the former rather than into the latter. The question that keeps rising is, how long can the process continue?

One murder a day during July is the record for Greater New York. In Manhattan and the Bronx, twenty-three murders have been committed, and the proportion of arrests is less than one out of every three. Commissioner Waldo is reported as welcoming the investigation of the Police Department, which now seems inevitable. As a preliminary he cites figures tending to show a higher degree of efficiency in the Department in 1912 than for the corresponding period in 1911. Mr. Waldo's figures deserve serious study. We are well aware that such a dreadful homicide record as the month just past has attained, sometimes needs correction in the light of statistics extending over a long stretch of time. But in Commissioner Waldo's own figures we observe that during the first six months of 1912 there were 140 complaints of homicide, as against 81 in the first half of 1911. An increase of 75 per cent. in the number of murders would be an alarming thing in itself, even if the earlier record did not reveal a swollen murder ratio, judg-

ed by European standards. It has been the manifest purpose of Gaynor's police régime to do away with petty arrests and petty tyrannies on the part of the police. The presumption was that the police would have more leisure for dealing with serious crime. Instead, we have—one murder a day and one arrest in every three cases.

Lord Mersey's report on the loss of the Titanic is free from rhetoric, but there are times when a bit of honest indignation is not altogether out of place. The desire to let facts speak for themselves has served to make the British report err much more on the side of cautiousness than the findings of the William Alden Smith committee sinned on the side of oratorical vehemence. As it is, the excessively judicial tone of the Mersey report is a rather incongruous garment for the terrible array of facts it covers. The ship was "sufficiently and efficiently officered," but it was reckless navigation which brought about its destruction. "In the circumstances I am unable to blame Capt. Smith," but the desire to establish a record made the commander oblivious of the safety of his passengers. The conduct of the crew is praised, but it is "regretted" that members of the crew neglected to save life when they might easily have done so. A certain British passenger of distinguished lineage is exonerated from the charge that he bribed the crew of his life-boat to abstain from making rescues, but "if he had encouraged the men to return to where the Titanic had foundered, they probably would have made an effort to do so, and could have saved some lives." The judicial temper could hardly go further.

The Mersey report embodies a long list of useful recommendations. It calls upon the Board of Trade to investigate the practicability of an increase in the number of bulkheads, of a double "skin" above the waterline, and of water-tight decks. Lifeboat accommodation is to be based on passenger capacity instead of tonnage. Lifeboat equipment is to be improved. There should be frequent inspections and drills. The changes recommended are in many respects so far-reaching that they must continue to absorb the attention of the shipping world for years to come. It is a subject to which there will be frequent occasion

to return. But one point may here be emphasized: It was the reckless speed at which the Titanic was being run that brought about her destruction, and it is in the prevention of such criminal conduct on the part of commanders in the future that the simplest and most efficacious way of avoiding similar disasters is to be found.

The cable brings the news that the White Star liner Gigantic is to be provided with an inner bottom at a cost of no less than \$350,000, and the loss of 250,000 cubic feet of carrying capacity. Still another ship now being planned is also to be safeguarded in this manner. Thus one great lesson of the Titanic disaster has been learned, and by this action another step taken towards the day of the practically safe passenger steamship. Gratifying as this is, it remains a sorrowful thought that this change in construction was purchased by such a frightful waste of valuable human lives, particularly as other types of ships have long had these double bottoms—our own battleships, for instance.

Many of the 60,000,000 readers of the 16,000 small newspapers of this country must often have looked with awe upon the columns of matter, most of it printed on the inside pages, from Washington and London, Peking and the Azores, which their enterprising editors somehow manage to give them every week. A few have been in the secret of the "boiler-plate" and the "ready-print" which made such a feat not only possible, but ridiculously easy. The entire 60,000,000 will now be somewhat aghast to learn that they have been saved from becoming victims of a peculiarly vicious Trust only by the efforts of a watchful Government, which has obtained a decree against the various concerns engaged in supplying this matter, on the ground that they were about to form a combination that would "mould public opinion." A Trust in restraint of thought has been nipped in the bud. Since this immense quantity of words is sold without change to newspapers of all shades of political opinion, one would suppose that it must be pretty impartial. Indeed, most of it is not political at all, but is devoted to the latest fashions in dress, wonderful happenings in the way of accidents and discoveries, and, in general, anything that may interest, amuse,

or thrill. But the Department of Justice foresees the misuse of this power over the human mind by those who would pay large sums for the opportunity of "instilling certain economic ideas in the minds of the public." This must not be, and the news associations proceeded against will have to go to the trouble of corrupting the nation singly instead of in combination.

It has been almost sixty-five years since gold was discovered in California, and the State is only just now to have a Hall of Fame. This long delay demands explanation, although we must remember that the custom of building a Hall of Fame first, and school and court-houses afterward, is recent. New York's record in this respect is far inferior to that of California. Not only did we wait until more than two centuries had dragged their slow length by, but we imposed the ridiculous condition that no one could be admitted to the society of the immortals until he had been dead ten years. Of course, with such a restriction, it is doubtful whether the Hall will ever be filled. They have been wiser in the West, and will include the living as well as those whose names have been forgotten because they were not promptly commemorated. The trouble in the past has been in a mistaken conception of the purpose of Halls of Fame. Our forefathers, so far as they had such things at all, established them in order that they and we might be reminded of the virtues of the illustrious dead, and be led to emulate them. The modern Hall of Fame, on the other hand, is founded in order to swell the reputé of prominent personages who without such memorials might be overlooked by subsequent generations.

It is a pity that Franklin is not here just now to enjoy the reports of Premier Borden's visit to the mother country. The anxious waiting of the British Cabinet upon every word of the Canadian, the dawning recognition that he is silently proposing to demand first and to give afterwards—these things would delight the philosophical American as he reflected upon the change that has come over the English attitude towards provincials since 1765 or thereabouts. It must be admitted that the Premier's course is a wee bit vexing to Imperial Preference politicians, who ex-

pected him to announce something important as to what Canada would do in that slowly-moving matter. Instead of setting the pace for her sister-colonies in this respect, the Dominion, as represented by its Premier, keeps asking what Westminster is thinking of doing in the direction of an Imperial Parliament, in which Canada would have a prominent place. Downing Street was looking for the promise of four battle-ships, and it is somewhat disconcerting to be told, however indirectly, that British America has determined to receive, as well as to give, favors.

Simultaneously with the House of Commons debate on the atrocities in the Putumayo rubber country, our own House Committee on Foreign Relations has begun work on the question by calling on the State Department for all available information concerning conditions in the rubber forests of Peru. In the House of Commons, Sir Edward Grey was inclined to lay stress on the diplomatic difficulties involved in forcing internal reforms upon a foreign Government. We hope that no such scruples will be allowed to prevent or postpone an honest attempt to make an end of the abominations which have been recorded in the Casement report.

It is odd that diplomatic propriety always comes to the front when it is a case of saving a hapless people from destruction. When it comes to extorting a railway or mining concession from a South American republic, there is no such tenderness on the part of Foreign Offices. What the Peruvian Government's feelings in the matter may be, is a secondary consideration. The primary fact is that an intolerable situation must be dealt with. "Our fathers," says Chesterton, "had a plain sort of pity. . . . When they saw something that in their eyes, such as they were, really violated their morality, such as it was then, they did not cry 'Investigate!' They did not cry 'Educate!' They did not cry 'Improve!' They did not cry 'Evolve!' Like Nicholas Nickleby, they cried 'Stop!' And it did stop." Congo atrocities or Putumayo atrocities are the sort of cases where "Stop!" must be said promptly.

Lloyd George's latest terror in England is a threatened campaign to "free

the land." In one or two speeches he has said that his next step would be to attack the monopoly in land. At the recent bye-election at Crewe, it was stated by a Liberal M.P., Mr. Outhwaite, that "Mr. Lloyd George, with the support of the Prime Minister, will embark this autumn on a great campaign, which is to be continued right up to the next general election, to do something for the overthrow of the land monopoly." The matter has been made the subject of inquiries in Parliament. It was rumored that Mr. George would go in for the single land tax. This has been officially denied by Mr. Asquith. In the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor, answering questions about the Government's "new land policy," rather made light of all the current stories. He did not know of any land monopoly, and did not understand what was meant by the talk of "overthrowing" it. Very likely, the Government might attempt to do something to "bring the land and the owners and occupiers of land into closer contact"; but this, as the Lord Chancellor pointed out, was only what the Conservative party had long professed to favor. Indeed, only the other day Lord Lansdowne made a long speech on the need of devising means to enlarge the ownership of land in England. Thus it looks very like the old story over again: the same measure is either wise and healing, or radical and incendiary, according as it is taken up by the Tories or the Liberals.

An Olympic Association has been formed in London for the purpose of sending an adequately trained and organized team to the Olympic Games at Berlin in 1916. There is even rumor that American training methods may be adopted. This bit of news would be more welcome if it were not accompanied by evidence showing that the spiteful and foolish anti-American spirit aroused by events at Stockholm is still alive. There is not very much sportsmanship in the ugly sneer attributed to Lord Desborough. "Kohlemainen did so well," said the noble lord, "that we should not be surprised to have him running for America at Berlin." Yet even such a temper is conceivable, if it were only consistent. Applaud if you like or growl if you like, but to growl at the sin and imitate the sinner is childish. If American training methods are to be import-

ed into England, it might as well be done graciously. Any other procedure argues a muddled state of mind which is as inimical to good fellowship as it is to winning athletic contests.

Prussian military men are not blaming the Italian army and its leaders for their slow progress in Tripoli. Thus Lieut.-Gen. Metzler feels that both the troops and their generals are entitled to credit for what has been accomplished. But the comfort which he offers them will sound peculiarly cold even under the blazing Tripolitan sun. He bids them look at Algeria, and remember for how many decades, from 1830 on, the French army labored to subdue the Algerians. Mistakes, retreats, the bloodiest defeats, were by no means unknown to them—and, he might have added, terrible massacres by them as well. The Italian War Office, Gen. Metzler recalls, reports up to May last a loss of only 37 officers and 499 men. A mere trifle. Italy, he writes, "must make clear to itself what enormous sacrifices of blood, money, and energy must be expended by any nation to bring such an adventure to a happy conclusion." For Italy, the happy conclusion still seems far off, and the stubborn refusal of Turkey to yield is certainly increasing Italy's expenditures of money and energy, as well as of men. And as for the Algerians, what "happy" outcome has there been for them?

A German hygienist, Professor Flügge, attempts to cope, in the *Deutsche Revue*, with the problems of the summer heat in city houses. The solid walls of German buildings, while slow to absorb heat, retain it proportionately longer, and electric fans and other appliances, such as are used in this country, are too costly to be within the reach of the ordinary German household. Professor Flügge suggests, as the only practical relief measure, the construction of outer summer walls of wood, bamboo, matting, or, best of all, climbing plants, which would prevent the intense radiation of heat from the stone walls. His further suggestion of the establishment of "colonies" of small houses within the city, is in line with serious efforts now making in Berlin to provide an outlet for the population of the congested and unsanitary districts.

A DEFECTIVE CRUSADER.

Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Chicago on Tuesday was intolerably long and repetitious. And a large part of it came from him for the hundredth time. Some of his old ideas he utters with fresh emphasis; but it is evident that he has so frequently emptied himself of all he has to say that nothing remains wherewith he may burst upon a startled world. His new speech launching a new party is only what we have heard from him in wearisome iteration before.

To some, it is true, parts of his programme as indicated in this Chicago address will bring disquiet or alarm. He hints at several ambitious proposals which, if they were to be written down in concrete form and definitely pressed as legislation, would mean something like revolution. They would at least involve a sweeping away of established convictions and practices, and would involve an enormous increase in the burdens of taxation. But the careful reader will note that Mr. Roosevelt only hints at these things. He is vague and also hesitating. Not one of these radical doctrines does he fail to qualify, hedging characteristically at point after point; and not one of them would he delay in running away from if it should appear politically expedient to do so.

We challenge anybody to read in full what he says about the tariff, the Trusts, the high cost of living, the currency, and bring away a definite idea of what he thinks or intends. Take one test case. The need of recasting our currency and banking system is now universally admitted. But as to the best means of doing it there is sharp division of opinion. It is as sharp among the Progressives as among the Republicans or Democrats. One of Mr. Roosevelt's whole-hearted and heavy-pursed supporters, Mr. George Perkins, is strongly in favor of the Aldrich plan. But Dean Kirchwey, of the platform committee, declares that the Aldrich plan is the sum of villainies and cannot be approved except over his dead body. Now, what light does the Colonel throw upon the matter? He knows all about it, of course, and his judgments are true and righteous altogether, but what does he say? Why, he uses words that are ludicrously meaningless. They read like one of those burlesques of political platforms which have been published to

show how politicians can dodge and hide. Let any business man try to get through this without grinning:

The system to be adopted should have as its basic principles soundness and elasticity. The currency should flow forth readily at the demand of commercial activity, and retire as promptly when the demand diminishes. It should be automatically sufficient for all of the legitimate needs of business in any section of the country. Only by such means can the country be freed from the danger of recurring panics. The control should be lodged with the Government, and should be safeguarded against manipulation by Wall Street or the large interests. It should be made impossible to use the machinery or perquisites of the currency system for any speculative purposes. The country must be safeguarded against overexpansion or unjust contraction of either credit or circulating medium.

Such hollow generalities, however, such absolute lack of definiteness, we encounter in his entire speech. He turns from class to class, and section of the country after section, offering to each a kind of millennial happiness if it will only confide in his wisdom. But when you ask for distinct proposals you get only a fog-bank of words. Mr. Roosevelt talks emphatically of making all his political pledges take on the nature of a solemn "contract" with the people, but if anybody sought to reduce them to precise writing he would find them all escaping in vapor.

It is not, however, in the light of a speech-maker or platform-builder that Mr. Roosevelt asks the country to view him, but in that of a crusader. The phrase, "the spirit of a crusader," is often on his lips. He would have us think of him as a man driven by holy zeal to do what he is now setting about. His speeches may not be overpowering and his platform may not be perfect, but look at the man himself and his motives and his mission! Well, it is much easier to study Theodore Roosevelt as a crusader, than as a constructive statesman, and we think that there is no difficulty in showing that he is fully as defective in the former guise as in the latter. The real crusader must have a fanatic strain in him; but Mr. Roosevelt is wholly without it. He does not rush forth as one impelled by an inward revelation; he plots and calculates and poses. The true crusader is self-forgetful; his cry is let my name rot but let the thing itself be done. What a glutton of the limelight Theodore Roosevelt is, everybody now knows. A

cause without himself at the front of it is to him unthinkable. The genuine sincere crusader, finally, is a man who has a certain austerity of bearing. He is not forever hobnobbing with people and clapping them on the shoulder. He moves among them, rather, as one whose lips had been touched by a live coal from off the altar. A jolly crusader is almost a contradiction in terms. But that is what Mr. Roosevelt essays to be. It is "fun" for him to fight grievous oppression. He thinks it "bully" to be in the political struggle. And his obvious love of excitement and joy in combat necessarily shake one's faith in his entire sincerity as a crusader. He repeats at Chicago his magnificent *blague* about Armageddon, but one all the while feels him capable of saying cynically, after it is all over, as Disraeli did on one occasion, "They call it the Battle of Armageddon—but let us go to lunch."

MR. TAFT ON THE ISSUES.

The country long since left off looking to President Taft for kindling public utterance, and it is not to be found in his speech of acceptance. He has many admirable qualities, but among them is not a gift for pungent writing. Even what he sees clearly and feels deeply he does not express in a way to go home to the business and bosoms of his fellow-citizens. No watchwords of debate fall from his pen. His is sometimes weighty but never piercing. His speeches often impress but do not thrill; and he is a stranger to those words that are half-battles. To-day, as he himself is fully aware and plainly states, his party is face to face with a great crisis, yet his speech does not reveal the man of resource, vigor, and skill, with a certain *élan* of leadership, whom the Republican situation cries out for. Hence there will inevitably be disappointment with his rather tame words at a juncture that demands an assured and moving deliverance.

This is not to deny that many things in Mr. Taft's speech are excellently conceived. His warning against the peddlers of panaceas is sound. Those who go about preaching an instant millennium are, when they are not self-deceived, public deceivers, whose proposals are both futile and chaotic. The President has a firm grasp of the true prin-

ciples of progress, which he well understands must come about by slow and cautious experimentation, proving all things and holding fast that which is good, and never by hurricane methods. Thoroughly well-considered is also what Mr. Taft has to say about maintaining the fundamental guarantees of the Constitution, in all its scope and adaptability, and about the duty of resisting stoutly every attempt to undermine the independence and authority of the courts. In this last matter, he is guilty of unfairness in associating Woodrow Wilson with Theodore Roosevelt. He should have known that Mr. Wilson has expressed himself strongly against applying the "recall" to judges. And no one has ever charged that the Democratic candidate has a particle of sympathy with what President Taft properly calls Mr. Roosevelt's "grotesque" notions about the recall of judicial decisions.

The President speaks of "the issue" in this campaign, but does not make it entirely certain what he thinks the issue is. At one point he seems to make it the preservation of the Republican party. He refers to "the issue presented to the Convention," as one which constituted "a crisis in the party's life." This was forced by the attempt to violate the third-term tradition, and also to nominate a man who "would have committed the party to radical proposals involving dangerous changes in our present Constitutional form of representative government and our independent judiciary." In this view, the result of the struggle at Chicago was to "save" the Republican party for "future usefulness." This leads Mr. Taft to a long review of what that party has been and done, together with an account of the achievements of his own Administration. In all this we get little but the ordinary commonplaces of the campaign orator, though this time the "pointing with pride" is followed by a "viewing with alarm" of an unusual sort, for to-day the alarm is felt lest the Republican party may be, not merely defeated by its historic foe, but destroyed by internal factions.

Evidently, however, the President feels that this appeal to keep the Republican party alive is not enough by itself. That will do as against the Roosevelt deserters and traitors, but the campaign is also to be waged against Democrats, and therefore some missile must be

found to hurl at them. This the President finds in the threat of tariff changes and the hoary old argument that the success of the Democratic party will mean panic and disaster. It seems hardly credible that Mr. Taft, after what he has sought to do, and still favors, in the way of pruning away the excesses and enormities of the protective tariff, should fall into this ancient vein of calamity-howling, but he does. Ohio blood will tell. Brought up in the tradition that the way to beat the Democrats is to accuse them of intending to close all the mills and ruin all the farmers, Mr. Taft reverts to it in his speech of acceptance. He attempts once more to identify the Republican party with "prosperity." Yet he betrays a highly uncertain and vacillating idea about prosperity. In one passage he informs us that the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill has "gradually restored prosperity, since the panic of 1907." Only a little further on, however, he tells us that the acceptance of the Democratic tariff plan would "postpone indefinitely the coming of prosperity." Thus it appears that the restored prosperity is still to come. But at the end of his speech Mr. Taft points to a "prosperity which is just at our door," and, for a moment forgetful of the tariff, speaks of the need of discouraging "demagogic agitation," as the only thing which can prevent "the enjoyment by the whole people of the great prosperity which the *good crops* and the present conditions ought to bring us."

This, as George III said of Shakespeare, is "sad stuff." Yet no one should overlook the significance of it. It undoubtedly means that the Republican managers have decided to make one more dead set at the Presidency on the high-protection issue. The old arguments will be refurbished, the old cries revived, and the old collectors will be sent out to fry the fat out of the protected manufacturers. It is a choice of battle-ground which the Democrats ought to welcome.

OVERRIDING A VETO.

The action of the Senate last week in passing a bill over the President's head gave Mr. Taft a new experience. He has vetoed important tariff measures with impunity. Even his disapproval of the Arizona-New Mexico Statehood bill was sustained. But his refusal to sign "A bill for the relief of certain persons

having supplied labor and materials for the prosecution of the work of constructing the Corbett Tunnel of the Shoshone irrigation project," a piece of legislation involving the disposition of the sum of \$42,000, was too much. The second day's debate on the question resulted in the re-passage of the bill by a vote of 42 to 17, and its reference to the House of Representatives. The merits of the situation are not entirely clear. Justice-loving Senators found themselves on opposing sides, and the passing of this bill has only prepared the way for the introduction of another, of which formal notice was given in advance of the voting. Plain citizens will be at a loss to understand how so much smoke can arise from so little apparent fire, for there was no partisanship to complicate the discussion and make stubborn the legislators.

The facts behind the bill are neither numerous nor doubtful. A contractor, who had undertaken to construct the Corbett Tunnel for \$750,000, was soon made aware that he had put in too low a bid. Accordingly, when he had completed about 16 per cent. of the work, he failed. Thereupon the Government finished the task, and proceeded to sue the defaulting contractor on his bond of \$75,000. A cross bill was then filed by the concern that sold a portion of the equipment to the contractor, and a tentative agreement was reached that included the payment of \$42,000 by the bondsmen to the Government. This, however, left unprotected the small tradesmen in Montana and Wyoming who had furnished supplies to the contractor and even cashed time-checks for his laborers. Their claims amounted to \$42,000 also. Hence the bill, which gave these creditors priority over the Government in respect of their losses. But the ultimate loser, even so, would not be the Government. The last clause in the bill is a proviso "that no action prosecuted under this act shall involve the United States in any expense." What would happen would simply be the shifting of this threatened loss of \$42,000, first from the trusting citizens who are now facing it to the Government, and then from the Government to future settlers on the tract of land served by the tunnel or on the total irrigable acreage of the Shoshone project. This would increase the charge for the land 33 or 91 cents an acre, according to the alterna-

tive adopted, and since the average holding is sixty acres, this would make his land cost the farmer \$19.80 more at the least, and possibly \$54.60.

Here are obviously several pretty problems. Is it right to saddle the losses of one set of men upon another set? Would the addition of \$19.80 or \$54.60 to the price of the land take away its attraction for practical farmers? Did not the tradesmen assume the risk in furnishing supplies and cashing time-checks? To this last question it is replied that they were relying on the Government, in case of any failure on the part of the contractor. They were not intimately acquainted with the technicalities, but "they knew they were dealing with a contractor with the United States." It was even asserted that the unlucky contractor himself had been misled by the representation of Government officials, and so was not altogether to blame for his impossible contract. President Taft, upon the advice of his Secretary of the Interior, vetoed the bill upon the ground that it was of retroactive character and imposed an additional burden upon certain of the settlers. Everybody agreed that the small tradesmen had suffered hardship. The President preferred to let them suffer it to imposing it upon the settlers. The Senate apparently prefers to let the settlers suffer it. And a bill is to be introduced relieving "the project," that is, the settlers, from the burden. If it passes, the kind-hearted Government will in the end bear this burden, as it bears so many others, and the matter will thus have happily progressed.

To where beyond these voices there is peace.

But before the Senate made up its mind to pass the bill over the veto, it indulged in some debate upon the veto power itself. Senator Cummins led off in this branch of the discussion with an observation that provoked unusually pointed comment. "I do not understand," he said, flatly, "that the veto power given by our Constitution to the President ought to be used in order to overthrow the will of Congress in respect to such a measure." He continued:

I do not believe that the veto power in a free country is intended to authorize the Executive to veto every measure which he would have opposed had he been a member of the legislative tribunal which passed it. . . . I think we ought to pass this bill notwithstanding the veto of the President simply, if for no other reason, because Congress has determined that it shall be-

come a law, and because it is not one of the cases in which a President ought to interpose his veto.

This position was at once challenged. "As I understand," remarked Senator Sutherland, "the alternative of the veto is the approval of a bill. Does the Senator think the President ought to approve a bill which he, in fact, does not approve?" But the Senator from Iowa was not to be caught. "I do, most emphatically," he replied. Senator Root then wanted to know upon what Mr. Cummins based his "extraordinary proposition," and cited Mr. Cleveland's vetoes of private pension bills, "separate and relatively insignificant measures," as also the practice of giving Governors the authority to veto items in appropriation bills. The answer of the Iowa Senator was not very specific, but for a few moments the debate took an enjoyable turn into the preserves of political philosophy.

THE STANLEY COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The so-called Stanley Committee of the House of Representatives was appointed in May of last year to investigate the United States Steel Corporation's history, with a view to throwing light on its alleged violations of the Anti-Trust law, and its relations with independent producers, with railways, with interlocking directorates, with Stock Exchange operations, with promoting syndicates, and with financial panics. It has conducted an exhaustive series of public hearings during the fifteen past months, in which much very frank testimony has been given by financiers connected with the corporation and with the steel industry, and it has now submitted its report.

The findings of the Committee's members, so far as regards the remedial legislation suggested for the evils which they believe to have been disclosed, are not unanimous; there is, in fact, so wide a divergence of opinion as to necessitate three distinct reports. But on the question of facts, and on the question of what those facts mean, there is surprisingly complete agreement. In only two essential considerations—the influence of the "Gary dinners" on arbitrary maintenance of prices and the culpability of President Roosevelt in agreeing not to block the Steel Corporation's purchase of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Com-

pany in 1907—do the majority and minority reports conflict. The minority believes that the dinner conferences of Trust and independent managers were "the shadow of price understandings rather than their substance"; but it considerably modifies the scope of this conclusion by saying that "there is complete accord as to prices" between the Trust and its rivals, and that "in general, the United States Steel Corporation sets the prices and the independents follow." As to the episode of 1907, the minority believes it to have "but little practical bearing on the serious issues of which we are treating," and dissents from the majority's conclusion without further comment.

The findings of fact on which there is complete agreement cover wide ground. They are not new discoveries; we pointed out, when the Committee began its work, that there could be little that had not, in one way or another, been brought already to public knowledge. But the hearings have at least had the effect, when taken along with the earlier hearings by the Industrial Commission, of giving to facts which were generally known the seal of expert testimony. Of these facts, the most essential are as follows: The great consolidations which culminated in the billion-dollar steel merger were intended by their authors, among other things, to restrict competition and maintain prices; and their stock was prodigiously and intentionally watered. The sum paid for promotion services was so excessive as to bear, even in the language of the minority report, "no relation whatever to the service rendered, the risk run, and the capital advanced." The steel industry itself, as well as the investing public, has suffered serious detriment from the "persistent and pernicious practice of stock manipulation and stock inflation by certain financiers who had secured the complete and absolute mastery of so large a part of this great business." The company possesses enormous control over other outside enterprises through the system of "interlocking directorates" and the use of the holding-company device.

The majority report holds that the "Gary dinners" were instituted as a means for notifying independent producers of what the Steel Corporation's attitude was, and for "impressing upon all concerned that it was the part of

wisdom and prudence to govern themselves accordingly." It finds that the Tennessee Coal purchase of 1907 was in violation of the law; that President Roosevelt "had no right to condone or encourage its violation," that the purchase was not necessary to stop the panic, and did not stop it. In rejecting the absurdities which the Steel Trust financiers themselves have uttered regarding that purchase as the sole means of averting general financial ruin, the Committee, fortunately, refuses to endorse the other and greater absurdity, that the whole panic of 1907 was caused by the Steel Trust "insiders" in order to capture the Tennessee Coal.

The body of evidence supporting these various conclusions can hardly be ignored hereafter, in discussions of the general subject. The question of remedy is another matter. The Committee's majority advocates wide publicity, frequent reports on the company by the Commissioner of Corporations, and the prohibition of ownership of interstate railway enterprises by industrial concerns. It suggests amendments of the Anti-Trust law, whereby parties injuriously affected by trade combinations may bring suit under the law, equally with the official Government prosecutors; and it proposes that where restraint of trade shall have been established in the course of a suit, the burden of proving "reasonableness" shall rest on the party who contends that the restraint is reasonable.

It recommends a bill prohibiting directors in companies manufacturing railway steel or mining coal from serving on the boards of interstate railways. The minority report recommends an "Interstate Commission of Industry," which shall supervise interstate corporations and, in general, fix prices for the goods of such corporations when existing prices are "found to be unreasonable by some competent authority to be determined hereafter." This shadowy repetition of the notion thrown out in his evidence by Judge Gary, last year, the majority report positively disapproves, remarking that the real evils of the situation could not be cured by such an expedient, and that "such control, semi-Socialistic in its nature, is beyond the power vested by the Constitution in the Federal Congress." There can be little doubt that this last-mentioned proposal will be the focus of a good deal of controversy in the next few

months. To people who have any doubt about the merits of the suggestion, it may be well to recall the plain and incisive comment of the veteran jurist and legislator, ex-Senator Edmunds, in his statement of last December:

Such a commission, substituted for the courts of justice, necessarily implies that it is to exercise a discretion in granting or withholding privileges that are not defined by law; and it is clear, from human experience, that it would be in danger of becoming the victim of political influences.

BRITISH UNIVERSITY PROBLEMS.

To most Americans, the universities of Great Britain to-day are neither more nor fewer than they were fifty years ago, or than they will be fifty years hence. Oxford and Cambridge, and if one thinks a second time, Edinburgh, they have always been, and Oxford and Cambridge and Edinburgh they will continue to be. To think otherwise would be as difficult as to imagine direct primaries for members of Parliament. Yet the facts are far different. Within the last thirty-five years no less than seven universities have been founded in England, five of them since 1899; and the character of the University of London has been transformed. Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, and Sheffield, along with Wales, now boast institutions of learning which, if lacking the prestige that crowns their older rivals, have a freedom from the past and an ambition for the future that have already given them a special place in the world of scholarship. Nor has their appearance been without effect upon the ancient establishments. For their creation has been more than an evidence of local aspiration. It is a symptom of dissatisfaction with the rigid policy that has been followed so consistently at Oxford and Cambridge, which in consequence have felt compelled to admit modifications here and there.

This new and rapid development has brought novel problems in its wake, and these have just been the subject of consideration at a Congress of the Universities of the Empire. Some of these are parallel to problems of our own, one such being the question of division of work among universities. The new universities are much more narrowly limited in resources than the older universities. For this reason they cannot at-

tempt to cover the entire field of knowledge. What, then, shall they do? The spirit of modern efficiency answers, Specialize, Divide, and Conquer. Why should every university have a School of Medicine or of Law? But there are obstacles. To those who argue for the establishment of some outside central authority which shall say to one institution, Do this, and to another, Do not do this, but do that, it is replied that only the endowment of such a body with omniscience could make its decrees safe. One speaker put the matter concretely:

A great teacher arises in some subject—no one can foresee where it will be—he attracts students to hear him, draws to his lectures and laboratories men keen in the pursuit of learning and science, whose researches he will direct, encourage, and stimulate. A wise university will provide him with assistants, enlarge his laboratories, provide the equipment he needs, even when it involves serious strain on its resources. Private donors may then step in and aid the work. Sometimes, again, a private donor interested in a particular university may provide a handsome endowment for some special branch of work in it.

The teaching activity of our own Professor Gildersleeve was instanced as having "virtually marked an epoch. He has done something in America to revive the days of the great Heyne, who is said to have trained in Germany over one hundred professors of philology."

The same problem is discussed on its reverse side by William Lowe Bryan, president of the University of Indiana, in a recent number of *Science*. He calls attention, not to the limitations of the institution of modest resources, but to the peril that the richest university is in, "of so multiplying the lines of its work that all the lines of its work shall be lowered in quality." As a remedy, he suggests that heads of departments should resist the constant temptation to add courses of elementary collegiate grade, "in order, as the phase is, to cover the ground represented by the department"; that they should also consider well before offering new electives; that graduate professors should be equally careful in providing equipment for research over wide ranges of their fields, and that trustees should be slow to increase departments and schools. His warning is almost a confession that we have already been guilty of doing the things that these English educators are hoping to prevent. Certainly it is one more indication of the turning of the tide in the direction of quality rather

than quantity. An approach towards the solution of the problem as it exists in England was made by a speaker who urged that there was a minimum of equipment for any university, including courses in certain languages and literatures, history and philosophy, mathematics and "the main science, physics and chemistry." What lay beyond these depended upon local conditions, geographical as well as financial.

Especially interesting to an American is the discussion of the doctor's degree for England. One speaker at the congress was so bold as to ask why the English universities should not offer the degree, and thus catch many Americans who now ignore Oxford and Cambridge for the German universities. The growth of graduate students in this country during recent years was characterized as one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of higher education among us. It was this very fact, however, that put these educators on their guard respecting the eagerly-sought symbol, for they recognized that "its popularity in the United States is too intimately connected with its financial value," and quoted President Butler upon the development of "a deplorable form of educational snobbery which insists that a candidate for appointment to a teaching position shall have gained the privilege of writing the letters Ph.D. after his name." If one were to generalize about British education on a *priori* grounds, one would be apt to argue that educators being by nature slow to move, and Britons being by nature devoted to standing still, British education must inevitably be the height of conservatism. If this was true once, the proceedings of the recent congress are enough to disprove it now.

A VOTE'S A VOTE FOR A' THAT.

(A Third Party Version.)

Is there a visionary wight
Who dreams reform an' a' that?
We'll humor him w' promises;
A vote's a vote for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Utopian schemes, an' a' that,
Our platform will hold a' his whims;
A vote's a vote for a' that.

What though a malcontent he be,
A radical, an' a' that?
We're bound to win his sympathy;
A vote's a vote for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
His red flag, an' a' that,
We'll make concessions to his kind;
A vote's a vote for a' that.

W' those who seek for patronage,
Aspiring chiefs, an' a' that,
W' a' such we make common cause;
A vote's a vote for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Their sordid aims, an' a' that,
We've got to flatter their poor hopes;
A vote's a vote for a' that.

Aristocrats an' hoi polloi,
E'en suffragists, an' a' that,
We'll find a plank to please them a';
A vote's a vote for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Divergent views, an' a' that,
We'll win w' our elastic clause;
A vote's a vote for a' that.

O. MORES.

ANDREW LANG'S GENIUS.

LONDON, July 26.

You have only to stretch out your hand in literature, and whatever it strikes you can support yourself upon—by making, say, three guineas out of it. Whether it be a cricket match at Lords, or a theological novel, or a big trout very nearly caught at the "nest," or a new theory of creation, matters nothing to you. Given the subject, you provide the "copy," and while you are putting a little water into your ink-bottle you decide whether it is to be a ballade, or a newspaper brochure, or a St. Andrew's lecture, or an article for the *Contemporary*. If it may be any of these, you prefer nowadays (alas!) to make it a newspaper "leader," because you can dash these off as easily as some smoke cigarettes.

Thus wrote, nearly twenty-five years ago, the anonymous author of an "open letter" to Andrew Lang. "We know not," said the same candid friend, "whether to call you a great poet, critic, essayist, novelist, scientist, journalist, or all those in one, or nearly all, but not quite any." At the time these words were written Mr. Lang had yet to make his first ventures in biography, history, and psychical research. Nor would the addition of these items complete the list of his achievements, for the writer of this appreciation had strangely overlooked one of his earliest claims to distinction—his scholarly and artistic work as a translator of ancient classics.

There is left to us no man of letters who runs the risk of receiving a similar compliment. Versatile men there remain, but nobody with quite the versatility of Andrew Lang. Take, for example, the anthropologists. It is curious to note how many of them have come to their research into primitive customs through their Greek studies. J. G. Frazer, F. B. Jevons, and more recently R. R. Marett, had all of them won distinction in pure classics before they began to investigate totems. But there is nobody nowadays who can turn from discussions of the meaning of myths to the concoction of Rhymes à la Mode or the compilation of Fairy Books of whatever color.

Journalism, too, employs scores of

practitioners who first learned to write in Oxford classrooms. But nearly all of them have specialized in some particular type of article. Most of them have succumbed to the fascination of politics, and chastise the Government or the Opposition in daily or nightly editorials. A few, like Hilaire Belloc, have made their mark in the art of the literary causerie. Some, like Thomas Seccombe and J. C. Bailey, give themselves mainly to literary criticism proper. Several others, following the lead of the late G. W. Stevens, have magnified the office of the descriptive reporter. But we look in vain for any one who, even within journalism itself, can compass the gamut of Andrew Lang.

His death reminds us of a change that has been quietly passing over journalism itself. "For an Andrew Lang," as the *Guardian* acutely points out, "there must always be room in the newspapers, but in future it will probably be as the 'star' writer of signed articles rather than as the anonymous journalist who makes his daily or weekly contribution to the reputation of his paper." It is significant that in recent years Mr. Lang's own journalistic work mainly took the form of signed articles in the *Morning Post* and elsewhere, whereas probably his best work in this line was done as an anonymous member of the regular staff of the *Daily News* in its palmy days. In the eighties that journal owed much of its success to the brilliant non-political articles that appeared day by day in its editorial columns, but it was not until selections of them were reprinted in a book of "Lost Leaders" that the general reader knew he was indebted for them to Andrew Lang. Nowadays editorial writing, except on political topics, has become so scrappy that, except in the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, the well-informed and brightly written leading article on general subjects is almost extinct. Even the old-established quarterlies have at last abandoned their tradition of anonymity. A few years ago the *Quarterly Review* began to admit signed contributions, and now the *Edinburgh Review* has followed suit under its new editor, Harold Cox.

The lighter side of Andrew Lang's output was really the recreation of an active mind that found in ballades and causeries a relief from more serious tasks. "He had always a big book or two on hand," says Richard Whiteing, a former colleague on the *Daily News*, "and his newspaper and magazine articles, his endless gossip on all the highways and byways of literature, came as mere chips from a scholar's workshop. The reading and thinking had been done elsewhere." This fulness of resources, plus his lightness of touch, gave him his remarkable facility. "I have seen him," continues Mr. Whiteing, "get his marching orders for a column leader, sit down

at a table in a room full of chatter, and polish off his task within the hour. When it was done, he picked up the pieces from the floor, and without a second glance at them sent them up to the printer."

H. W. H.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

LONDON, July 20.

The celebration of the quarter-millennial of a great learned society is no ordinary event, and when that body is the Royal Society of London, than which no other has a more glorious history in the creation and promotion of scientific knowledge, the world may well take note, as it has done in the past week. In response to invitations issued last spring, there assembled at Burlington House on July 15 one hundred and thirty-two foreign and oversea delegates, representing universities and learned societies from all over the world, besides seventy-one delegates from the British Isles. The largest delegation was that from the United States, with twenty-three members, including nine members of the National Academy of Sciences and the presidents of Yale, Columbia, and the Carnegie Institution. Germany followed close with twenty-two, and France with fifteen. The handsome meeting rooms of the Society, adorned with portraits of its distinguished presidents from Sir Isaac Newton to Lord Rayleigh, and the grand library, furnished an excellent place for the exercises.

After an informal reception on Monday evening, at which the delegates met one another and the officers, the ceremonies opened at noon of Tuesday with a solemn service at Westminster Abbey, the delegates in the multi-colored academic robes of many countries filling the choir, while their ladies were placed in the transepts. After specially prepared prayers and music, the Dean delivered a short address of welcome, emphasizing the change in religious sentiment regarding science, and the fact that not long ago such a service would have been impossible. In the afternoon the formal reception of the delegates took place in the great library of the Royal Society, where an address of welcome was delivered by the president, Sir Archibald Geikie, to whom each delegate presented an address from his institution, short speeches of congratulation being pronounced by one representative of each country. That for the United States was appropriately spoken by Prof. W. B. Scott of Princeton, as the representative of our oldest scientific society, the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, founded by Franklin, his ancestor, who was a valued member of the Royal Society, and whose portrait hangs in the meeting-room opposite Thomas Young's. Many of the delegates were greeted with applause, the most

falling to Lord Rayleigh, the grand old man of British physics, who from his place as past president beside the president stepped, as chancellor of the University of Cambridge, into the line of delegates.

On Tuesday evening a banquet was held at the Guildhall, above five hundred being present. Probably that historic hall had never contained a more distinguished gathering, judged by the criterion of intellectual achievement. Toasts were proposed by the Prime Minister, Viscount Morley, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and responded to by a number of foreign delegates for the universities and learned societies of the world.

Each morning parties were conducted by guides to various points of interest in London, and several great houses opened their treasures of art to the delegates and their families. On Wednesday afternoon the Duke of Northumberland held a garden party at Syon House on the Thames. In the evening a *conversazione* was held at Burlington House, at which the ladies were present. Many interesting historical and modern scientific exhibits were inspected.

On Thursday the King and Queen graciously received the foreign delegates at Windsor Castle, shaking each one by the hand, while the ladies enjoyed the great garden party, at which their Majesties appeared and talked with their friends. Thus culminated a most auspicious celebration. But this was by no means all, for now British private hospitality, which had already provided dinners and receptions for the ladies when space had not permitted of their accompanying the delegates, was applied to all. Parties were invited to the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and lavishly entertained by the Masters and Fellows of St. John's and Christ's Colleges at the former, and Wadham at the latter. Congregations were also held at which honorary degrees were conferred, Prof. E. B. Frost of the Yerkes Observatory being honored at Cambridge, and Prof. W. B. Scott of Princeton at Oxford. At Cambridge, the undergraduates in the gallery conveyed their appreciation of the work of the physiologist, Professor Pavlov, by letting down a large stuffed dog as the procession passed out.

The whole celebration was admirably managed, the comfort and convenience of the delegates thoroughly looked after, while English hospitality produced the usual strain upon the capacity of the guests, to whom the whole occasion will forever be memorable. Those Britons who are so fortunate as to be able to write F.R.S. after their names may look with pride at having furnished a red-letter day in the intellectual calendar of the world. ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, July 10.

The Swiss are always ambitious to excel in the science and art of education. Next autumn will be opened at Geneva a carefully organized school of pedagogy, under the direction of Pierre Bovet, formerly professor of philosophy at Neuchâtel. The school is to be called "L'Institut Jean Jacques Rousseau." E. Claparède, professor of psychology at Geneva, who will take part in the undertaking, has published a pamphlet giving an account of the plans for the new institute, and discussing in general the education of the child.

The object of this school is twofold; first, to prepare teachers for their work, and, secondly, to study education in its various branches. It is the opinion of Professor Claparède that the principles of Rousseau have not been sufficiently observed; he upholds the theory in "Emile," that education should be conformed to the nature of the child, and that the child should not be made the victim of any absolute system of training. He further holds that in educating the young there are five principal groups of problems to be solved. (1) The development of the child; (2) individual psychology; differences of structure and temperament; (3) technique and economy of labor; (4) method of teaching; (5) the psychology of the teacher; what should be his qualities.

The new institute is to be a school, a centre of research, a centre of information, and a centre of propaganda.

A meeting, largely attended, of the "evangelical-social labor unions" has lately been held at Bâle. These societies represent a sort of Christian socialism; but it does not appear that their association is very successful. Their object is to influence the labor unions by means of the principles of the gospel. Meanwhile they are hostile to the Catholic Church, on the one hand, and to the non-religious socialists on the other. The movement was begun in Bâle in 1893, and such progress as it has made has been at Berne and Zürich.

In this day of many novels, it is worth while to direct attention to a new book by the Swiss novelist Porret, entitled "Mini Lalonet." The scene is laid at Lausanne. The style of the author is at once realistic and elegant, and as a student of character he appears to be a disciple of Balzac. The heroine is vividly portrayed as a person of great beauty, but with very little intelligence.

Professor Gaitschick of Zürich has published at Berlin a volume of about six hundred pages, entitled "Reality and Perfection, Thoughts on human knowledge and worldly truth." It is composed in an aphoristic style; and although the author does not follow Eucken, one is reminded of Eucken's rather loose

philosophy. Gaitschick has been captivated by Pragmatism, and regards Intellectualism as an evil which leads to mental ossification, the suppression of moral life, to inner death. Only the psychical experience has any value. "True worldly wisdom depends on what has been lived, not on what has been thought." Applying this principle to religion, the author, as in his earlier books, while accepting Christianity, takes a very liberal view of creed and dogma. Although a professor at Zürich, Gaitschick is by birth a Russian. The lack of system in this his latest book renders his moralizing tiresome; and after reading it, one has the impression of having been overwhelmed with platitudes. He is spoken of in both Germany and Switzerland as the leader of a "new idealism." If this be true, one may perhaps be excused for preferring the old.

A meeting of "les philosophes de la Suisse romande" was held at Rolle the other day. Flournoy made a long and interesting address on "Intellectualism and Pragmatism." In the discussion which followed, professors from the faculties of theology and of natural science, as well as the "philosophers," took part. Among the opponents of Pragmatism who spoke were Naville, who belongs to a famous family of professors at Geneva, and A. Schinz of Bryn Mawr, whose study, "Anti-Pragmatism," is well known. Flournoy's book on the philosophy of William James, which has been already noticed in the *Nation*, is to be translated into English.

The most thoroughly Swiss university is that of Bâle. There are 911 students, of whom 666 are natives. This is quite different from Geneva, Zürich, Lausanne, Berne, and Neuchâtel, where the proportion of foreigners is very large.

The Reformation monument to be erected at Geneva has engaged the attention of the German Emperor. When the first stone was laid, he sent 10,000 marks to the Committee. In his letter, he praised Calvinism, and wrote with grateful remembrance of his "ancestors" Colligny, William of Orange, and Frederick William of Brandenburg.

A valuable addition to the observatory of Neuchâtel has been completed, owing to a legacy of Dr. Adolphe Hirsch, the first director, who died in 1901. A special annex has been built in which there is an equatorial telescope from the famous factory of Zeiss. In the building are the most modern arrangements for celestial photography and spectroscopic work. The architecture of this new building is excellent, and the surroundings are picturesque. The Observatory has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

At Lucerne there exists a school of a peculiar kind. It is called the *Hotelfachschule*, and is intended to educate men and women in the hotel business. It

is managed by the Union Helvetia. The institution seems to be successful, as there are 608 students, male and female. There are 218 in the cooking course, and 62 learning to be waiters and waitresses. Instruction is given in foreign languages to more than two hundred students. No course on the collection of *pourboires* is announced. Probably none is necessary.

The federal musical festival at Neuchâtel begins this week. The town has been elaborately decorated, and is crowded with strangers. The principal event is an "Ode lyrique" by a Swiss author and composer. Musical societies from all the cantons are assembling in great numbers to compete for prizes.

A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Club of Odd Volumes of Boston has recently published "Isaiah Thomas, Printer, Writer & Collector," by Dr. Charles L. Nichols of Worcester. This is the substance of a paper read before the Club a year ago, which is here expanded by the addition of a carefully compiled bibliography of books printed by Thomas. This latter part is a reprint, with additions, of a portion of Dr. Nichols's admirable "Bibliography of Worcester," printed privately by him twelve years ago. In the present volume, however, the Worcester bibliography is preceded by a description of books printed by Thomas in Boston before he was driven out of that city by the British in 1775.

Isaiah Thomas was apprenticed to Zechariah Fowle, owner of a single press and a few hundred pounds of type, when the lad was only seven years old, and he used to set type standing on a bench, in order that he might reach the cases, "though he knew then only the letters, and had not been taught to put them together and spell." When eight years of age, he tells us, he set the types from which were printed an edition of ten thousand copies of the "New England Primer," but no copy of Fowle's edition of this book is known. At the age of thirteen he had already become an engraver on wood, and in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society (of which he was the founder, and to which he gave his library) there is a copy of "The New Book of Knowledge," with a note in Thomas's handwriting: "Printed and Cuts engraved wholly by I. Thomas, then 13 years of age, for Z. Fowle when I. T. was his apprentice."

Like Franklin, who had been apprenticed to his brother at the age of twelve, Thomas prospered. In 1771 he began a weekly newspaper, *The Massachusetts Spy*, and in 1779 started the series of Thomas's *Almanack*, which was issued annually, without a break, by Thomas and by his son, for more than forty years. Like Franklin, he furnished press and types to enable apprentices to set up printing shops in other cities, but Thomas's interest was more permanent, and his name appeared as partner in the various enterprises. There were establishments in Walpole, Brookfield, Portsmouth, Windsor, Newburyport, and other places. Franklin was the founder of the American Philosophical Society; Thomas of the American Antiquarian Society, whose purpose, in his words, was "to assist the researches of the

future historians of our country," a purpose which the institution has ably carried out.

Franklin early gave up the personal management of his printing business, but he was a printer to the last, and his will begins: "I, Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, printer." Thomas transferred his business to his son in 1802, but in 1825, in his seventy-seventh year, he wrote, "Could I live my life over again and choose my employment, it would be that of a printer."

We wish that some one would give us as good a bibliography of books printed by Franklin as is this work of Dr. Nichols on Isaiah Thomas. The book has been printed by Mr. Updike, at the Merrymount Press, and the edition is limited to 110 copies.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

SENTIMENTAL BORROWING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your interesting essay on George Borrow (*Nation*, June 27), it may be worth while to point out that the famous episode of Mumpers' Dingle in "Lavengro" has been imitated, with variations, in two recent novels, one of which has attained wide popularity. In Nina Wilcox Putnam's "In Search of Arcady," a wandering Englishman of athletic tastes buys the outfit of a chair-peddler and camps in various romantic spots, with a beautiful girl, supposed a gypsy, who makes her living, as Isopel Berners did, by peddling "notions" in a cart. On the occasion of their first meeting the hero has a desperate fist-fight with a gigantic gypsy, who resembles Blazing Bowditch both in appearance and in his mode of fighting. The hero gets the better of his enemy, as Lavengro does of the Flaming Tinman, only by taking advantage of the gypsy's slipping. Like Bowditch, the gypsy is knocked senseless, but recovers and limps off.

In Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway," an itinerant athlete-scholar takes up his abode in a lonely and romantic dingle, and becomes a blacksmith, as Lavengro did. A beautiful and mysterious young woman arrives upon the scene, pursued by a powerful villain, whom the hero, by a lucky chance, beats in a rough-and-tumble fight. The girl then remains, and camps for some time with the hero. There is still another fist-fight, more closely resembling that with the Flaming Tinman. In the course of the idyllic life in the dingle, the hero torments the heroine with his learning, as Lavengro tormented poor Isopel with the lessons in Armenian.

In both stories the central events are those of the Mumpers' Dingle Episode: an innocent but unconventional camp in a romantic spot with a beautiful girl, and a bloody pugilistic encounter with a stalwart scoundrel. In both there are various minor resemblances to "Lavengro." There can be no question, I think, that both owe their origin to the word-master. Like Borrow's story as they are, however, in situation, they are at the opposite pole from it in style and tone. Instead of the square-cut sentences of Borrow, we find in the recent stories a somewhat mincing and elaborate affectation of style. The power of Bor-

row's story, as your essay suggests, lies in its extraordinary restraint; it is as free from sentimentality as a pamphlet of Swift's. Both the recent writers, on the other hand, sentimentalize the whole situation. In both cases the fights are to protect the heroines from violence; the heroines prove to be heiresses in disguise; the hero of one turns out to be a nobleman; of the other, a rich baronet. No better object-lesson in realism could be imagined than to read the story of Isopel Berners, and then one of the modern novels. Borrow's story remains in the reader's memory as if the experience it describes had been his own. The others are entertaining, but never real, and soon become confused and vague in memory.

"Lavengro" was peculiarly a failure. It made its way very slowly, the first edition of three thousand copies lasting for twenty-one years. In the two years since the publication of "The Broad Highway" I am informed that it has sold in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand copies. But two generations hence? Sentimentality in the abstract is immortal, but in the concrete highly perishable; every age demands it, but scorns the sentimentality of the age before. Even a great genius like Dickens is suffering now from the very quality that in his own time contributed most to his popularity. And as for lesser lights—who now reads Charlotte Yonge?

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, Col., July 20.

LIFEBOATS AND HARBOR STEAMERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of your recent comment on the Federal requirement of lifeboats sufficient for only 30 per cent. of all passengers on certain vessels, such as harbor steamers, between May 15 and September 15, may I ask whether a rule requiring boats sufficient for all on board would be any better? And further, whether it might not be best of all to lay stress on some other means of life-saving in the case of such craft?

Harbor steamers commonly do not run in stress of weather. If they should carry boats enough for all, it is unlikely that these would prove to be of much use in case of accident, owing to the congestion on such steamers in crowded seasons. To launch lifeboats, or fill them with passengers, would usually be a physical impossibility. Requiring boats for a third of the passengers could insure little more than a wild panic. And in all human probability more lives would be saved, or better, fewer would be lost, if it were understood that there were no boats at all, but ample and well-tested lifebelts for everybody on board. Those could be used, and it is probable that boats could not be. Immersion in a summer sea for the brief interval of, say, an hour would do infinitely less harm than a frantic scramble of several hundred persons for boats—and the ordinary harbor steamer could probably be beached in ten minutes from any point on her course.

I incline to believe, therefore, that the failure to require boats enough for all, in the case of harbor craft, is not "to neglect the solemn warning of such disasters as that to the Titanic and the Slocum." What is demanded by an ocean-going liner is not necessarily what is demanded by a steamer

running to Coney Island only. Ocean liners are slow in sinking, as a rule, and their decks admit of assembling passengers for debarkation. Harbor steamers, if they sink, sink quickly; and if they burn, they burn like tinder. Their decks are likely to be thronged with excitable people whose one chance of escape is to go overboard with speed and await succor there.

This does not apply, of course, to coastwise steamers making long runs, and perhaps not to steamers in Long Island Sound. But to such craft as ply in harbors, like those of New York and Boston, the reasoning does, I think, apply with obvious force.

PHILIP S. MARDEN.

Lowell, Mass., July 23.

ON WRITING GOOD ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From a letter printed in the correspondence columns of your issue of June 27 I have copied the following sentence:

The student at once learns this when he undertakes to describe an experiment, as compared with the writing of an essay on some literary or historical theme.

I trust it will not convict me of snobishness if I make a passing query as to the comparison implied in the words quoted. Is the "experiment" supposed to be compared with "the writing of an essay," and does the gentleman mean that a student learns something or other when he undertakes to describe a scientific experiment with regard to its likeness or unlikeness to a certain literary experiment? I cannot think that this is the thought your correspondent would convey. Quite seriously, I suppose the comparison had in mind, if not exactly mentioned, is between describing an experiment and writing a literary or historical essay. Doubtless, the writer could have expressed his meaning with formal clearness if he had thought it worth while to do so—and here we come to the point of what I feel moved to say.

Horace Greeley said that the way to resume specie payments was to resume. A very "umble" person may be allowed to suggest that the way to remedy this notorious trouble about writing English is to write English. Righteousness exalteth a nation, undoubtedly; but no theory of righteousness, no method of teaching or of learning righteousness, will exalt a nation until men and women of light and leading, and men and women who follow, dimly groping, are righteous. Boys and girls in college or elsewhere may campaign with Caesar, and thumb the Greek grammar, or they may dissect malodorous lobsters, count stamens and pistils, and rig private wireless nuisances—but they will not learn to write good English unless they try to write good English; and they are not likely to make the effort very seriously and persistently so long as their eminent elders continue to treat good English as something not worth the effort it would cost to achieve it.

My note-books are burdened with excellent illustrations of how not to do it—specimens of bad English taken, not from local weekly papers or yellow journals, but from serious books issued by good publishers and from periodicals of the better class. It chances that I have just been

reading an historical work in four handsome volumes, written by an eminent author, lately deceased, and reprinted by an old and supposedly respectable Boston house. It is not merely that much of the proof-reading is such as our best dailies would be ashamed of, but behind the publisher is the author himself, with sentences here and there that would be unworthy of a sophomore. He may have deliberately preferred never to put the much-misused word *only* in its proper and logical place—if so, he has been commendably faithful to his own principle, or lack of it; but he could hardly have said with malice aforethought that "an electoral system constructed on these lofty principles would be sure to turn out exactly as the open voting system proved to be," or "The condition of public feeling was somewhat different from that of London," or "... as if we and the world in general had no right to be troubled with these American quarrels," or "... had either not seen the popular drama or had missed the point of its broadest joke."

More than one of our present aspirants for the Presidency has had literary ambitions, and has blackened much white paper. The candidate who rightly estimates "that faith in small confounding facts which is contempt for large reassuring principles" has written in golden words of "the incomparable music of perfected human speech." Do we of the present generation care for that music, or even think we ought to care for it? It is not out of place here to write of the music of speech; for, as Sidney Lanier has told us, not only the living voice, but the printed page, speaks to the ear. The printed page, giving our speech in a comparatively permanent form which admits of its being studied and appreciated, should be taken very seriously by every lover of good English, and everyone who cares for the choice of the best things.

JAMES P. KELLEY.

Chicago, July 20.

THE PASSING OF DOUBT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Robert Grant's last book, "The Convictions of a Grandfather," a visit to Grasmere, and the discovery there of a memorial tablet to Arthur Hugh Clough, in whom the young people of the party are frankly uninterested, are made the occasion of the following generalization:

The young read Clough no more, so alluring to us because he epitomized the anguish of the soul which revolts with fervor, but reluctantly, from orthodoxy. . . . The youth of half a century ago is constantly impressed with the subsidence of the torments of doubt. From such a different angle does the world approach problems to-day that people either believe or they do not; and the failure to succumb to faith has in the main ceased to involve that poignancy of distress which bade us vindicate the bitter glory of the reproach.

That statement should challenge the attention of any whose business it is to try to understand the spiritual needs and moods of the youth of to-day. For a common mistake of the teacher and preacher is to speak into a psychological condition which no longer exists.

But is it true that the youth of to-day no longer doubts? Is it true even that the

youth of to-day no longer reads Clough? Clough never had a wide circle of readers, and it may well be true that the son of the father who read Clough, and the son's immediate friends and associates, have never heard of "Dipsychus" and "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich"; and that the son of the father who endured the fruitful torments of doubt is serenely insensitive to the solicitations of spiritual hopes and fears. But there are other sons of other fathers. This impossibility of sharing with those of his own blood all of the spiritual inheritance which has strengthened and enriched himself, is a hard truth for the fond parent to assimilate.

Even supposing that Clough is not read by the youth of to-day, however, it by no means follows that there are no valleys of perplexing shadow in the path of the coming generations, or, at least, in the path of that little group of the coming generation who walk the ways of careful thought.

I remember when I was an undergraduate, and at the height of my enthusiastic devotion to Clough, I happened to express my enthusiasm in the presence of one of the older professors, who proceeded to shock me by confessing that he had never read Clough's writings, and never intended to read them. "It is no use," he said, "Clough is not my prophet, or the prophet of my generation. He does not speak the language of my province of time. But that which you experience through Clough and Arnold and Tennyson, I experience through Wordsworth and Coleridge and Shelley. It was they who lit the torch of the intellectual life for me when I was young, and in reading and rereading them I keep my soul alive."

Perhaps, then, all that is signified by the experience out of which Robert Grant has written the passage I have quoted is that in the last thirty or forty years the youth of the world has passed into another "province of time," where a different spiritual dialect is spoken. In that dialect, however, the vocabulary of distressing doubt and delicately balanced faith is by no means a lessening factor. Nietzsche and Maeterlinck, Bernard Shaw and Chesterton, have made no small contribution to such a vocabulary. Moreover, personally I have evidence of a young man here and there who still reads and relishes Clough.

At any rate, he who has occasion to deal with youth cannot yet venture to ignore the psychology of doubt.

AUGUSTUS M. LORD.

Providence, July 25.

A SQUARE DEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* has (and rightly) shown itself sensitive in political matters. In reading the current *Nations*, however, we discover that this admirable sensitiveness vanishes in matters of bias. Every move that a certain Colonel makes, for instance, is hounded and found odious by the sensitive *Nation*. But Taft's billingsgate, his meaningless speeches, the shameless political tactics he permits his managers to use in his behalf (and theirs), the coolness with which his advocates and their press discuss the plausibility of this or that unfair play to gain their end—to all this the *Nation*

seems distressingly shock-proof; and this is much to be regretted.

EDWARD STAFFORD.

Boston, Mass., July 27.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the excellent review entitled "A Great English Diplomat" in the *Nation* for May 23, p. 511, I was interested to see a famous remark on the Schleswig-Holstein question, reproduced, by the way, in an abbreviated form, attributed to Lord John Russell. So far as I know, Lord Palmerston has always been regarded as the author. See, for instance, Spencer Walpole's "The History of Twenty-five Years," I, 407-408.

ARTHUR LYON CROSS.

University of Michigan, July 18.

Literature

BOSANQUET'S GIFFORD LECTURES.

The Principle of Individuality and Value. The Gifford Lectures for 1911 delivered in Edinburgh University. By B. Bosanquet. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.25 net.

Mr. Bosanquet's Gifford Lectures could hardly fail to be an important contribution to metaphysics, even though, as he modestly admits, they present no new fundamental ideas. The present volume contains the first of two series and develops the conception of individuality, or self-completeness, as the clue to reality and value, while the second series, to be given this year, will "apply these ideas to human (i. e., finite) value and destiny." Even for the student of philosophy they are not altogether easy reading. The argument is sketched rather than worked out, in a series of difficult points for which the reader must supply the connections, and presupposes a special initiation into the dialectic of recent idealism—assuming, indeed, that there is a reader in mind. For the style is suggestive of meditations, or of private correspondence, rather than of lectures, and the sentences have an often perplexing informality of structure which, in a finished and skilful writer, would appear to indicate a special aversion for the conventional and obvious. Yet perhaps this is the price to pay for a work which is at every point solid thinking and which in its maturity and seriousness well reflects those "graver experiences" assumed to be the clue to reality. And if the type of philosophy is not new, the argument is fresh and specially relevant to present issues.

Mr. Bosanquet's attitude is one of steady conservatism along the lines marked out by the absolute idealism of T. H. Green and, of course, of Plato. Plato he quotes as the Christian quotes his Bible, with little patience for those who fail to find in him the text for any

doctrine necessary to salvation. And for Mr. Bosanquet the essence of Platonism is rationalism, or, if you like, intellectualism, the doctrine, namely, that the logical is the true type of the real. The present volume, then, is a reaffirmation of intellectualism, chiefly against Bergson, incidentally against the pragmatists—who, however, are dismissed with a single paragraph—but also against certain heresies to be found in his own school, in Royce, MacTaggart, and even Taylor and Ward. In his view all of these writers are at some point tainted with what we should call romanticism, in that they undertake to procure meaning for the world and freedom for human life at the expense of law and order, to vindicate the efficiency of the mind by denying its dependence upon the body, and to justify intuition by belittling science and reason. His purpose is to show that freedom and law, intuition and reason, creativeness and logical determinateness, are absolutely continuous—in other words, that this whole set of contrasts is false. But part of the showing consists in a broader interpretation of the conception of logical order, the many interesting refinements of which we must unfortunately pass by, which not only extends the range of the logical but discovers its most characteristic features in the region beyond the narrowly "intellectual."

The dominant issue in present philosophy, and in some terms in all philosophy, is the status of natural science; in other words, the significance of the mechanical order and the assumed uniformity of nature. Bergson and pragmatists have reduced the uniformity of nature to a merely casual working-hypothesis, and most of the idealists have sought to discredit the principle in the interest of the supposed spontaneity of mind. Mr. Bosanquet's idealism is opposed to this tendency. Holding that mind, in the "true" (i. e., absolute) sense, is the clue to reality, he nevertheless contends that the essence of mind is logical determinateness rather than a miraculous "spontaneity." The uniformity of nature is simply a demand for such determinateness. It means that reality must constitute a rational system. But, on the other hand, a rational system is a coherence of differences in a whole, and not a mere repetition of abstractly similar cases. Strictly speaking, repetition is never found in nature, and so far the principle of "uniformity" is falsely abstract. The truly scientific principle would be that of *relevancy*. Yet even the abstract uniformities are not wholly meaningless. "It is easy to show that the abstractions of the sciences which deal with things as in space are not everything; but it is a great mistake to suppose that they are nothing." "A shallower world does not give law to a deeper," but on the other hand, the deeper view is marked by its

larger and finer determinateness. And this, again, is the very essence of individuality and freedom—not irrelevant "spontaneity," but depth and breadth of connectedness.

As a corollary to the doctrine of spontaneity, recent idealism has been marked by a revival of emphasis upon the contrast of teleology and mechanism. For the "commonplace" variety of teleology Mr. Bosanquet barely disguises his contempt. In his view it is a purely anthropomorphic notion derived from the situation of the "finite contriver," who is obliged to select from among various possible ends and unwillingly to accept certain lines of conduct as means. The conception of "purpose," with the implied alternations of want and satiety, can mean little for a being whose point of view is the whole. And the application to nature is mostly fallacious. The purposes of the lower organisms are not their own purposes. Little more are our purposes those of our finite human consciousness. The ideas implied in the structure and working of our bodies have obviously not been conceived by us, nor can we claim as our own the contributions that we inevitably make to the history of civilization. The "plan," in other words, is the working of the whole—which is a timeless whole. And upon a deeper view the apparent contradiction of teleology and mechanism is transformed into convergence. For in the attempt to conceive purposes coherently and in detail we see that every purpose must express itself in a determinate form of mechanism, while all attempts to banish meaning from the mechanical order presuppose that abstract "uniformity" which makes nature a repetition of similars.

The issue is brought to a point in the question of the mind's independence of the body. Here we must indeed sympathize with his criticism of those idealistic writers who persist in cherishing, in some form, the time-worn and flimsy idea that, while the mind cannot move the body in a mass, it may control the body through some small part, as the ship is steered by the rudder—as if in the magnitude or directness of the effect there were any difference of principle. According to Mr. Bosanquet, mind and body are a unity, and mind is throughout dependent upon body. Mind is, however, not the effect of the body, but its meaning; while the body furnishes the content, the meaning of which is to be developed, and without which consciousness would be utterly empty. Following Green, he holds that through our bodies our nature is "communicated" to us and in mind we develop our nature. And thus, though mind and body are a unity, mind is not parallel to body, but a "higher aspect" of the one reality. Yet, in the end, of a reality which is not so much ourselves as the Absolute. The function of our minds, it

appears, is "to elicit, to represent in themselves, that special field of experience in which they are embodied."

The central idea of the work is thus the continuity of the real; the continuity of soul and body, of purpose and mechanism, of consciousness and nature. But when the continuity of these contrasted terms is established, it becomes a question (as Mr. Bosanquet sees clearly enough) whether idealism in fleeing from romanticism has not fallen into the arms of materialism. For where mind and body are one, the body tends to become the one, and it is not easy to see how the mind as a "communication" through the body differs from the mind as a mere reflection of the body. In reply, Mr. Bosanquet would doubtless point out that for him, as for other idealists, mind is reality at a higher level, and that he in particular is emphatic in asserting that the truest types of the real are communicated by the "graver experiences" of art and religion. "A judgment of color harmony, or of decorative or dramatic fitness, or of appropriate biological response to environment, or of morality, may, or rather must be, the proper background presupposed, as necessary as a geometrical axiom; and if equally necessary, it possesses, considering the greater fullness of its content, a considerably higher degree of truth." But the effect of such assertions seems to be weakened by his constant insistence upon the finite and fragmentary character of all human consciousness and its dependence upon the physical. For human experience, human individuality, and human ideals he shows a scant respect—so little, indeed, that it is difficult to escape the conclusion, at least from this first course of lectures, that for him the sole value of human life lies in the glimpse it affords of the Absolute, which, again, it rather unexpectedly appears, is the sole embodiment of "the principle of individuality and value."

It is not easy to do justice in a limited space to a work so maturely thoughtful, but it is clear where the centre of criticism must lie. For Mr. Bosanquet self-consciousness is the type of the real. Now, it is true, as he insists, that every case of consciousness presupposes, not merely an object, but at least a subject, in the form of something beyond consciousness which becomes conscious. A disembodied soul would be lacking in all the essentials of a point of view. Every state of consciousness is thus in some sense continuous with a reality beyond. But equally clear and equally characteristic is the fact that every state of consciousness completely alters the situation of that which has become conscious. The victim of a habit, an influence, of heredity or circumstances, is placed in a relation of independence towards the habit, or what not, so far as he clearly realizes that he is a victim. Now

this is the aspect of consciousness upon which the romanticists, the humanists, and the individualists have based their case. Readers of Mr. Bosanquet can hardly escape the conviction that, while claiming to give it due weight, he really views it with contempt. Yet this is the aspect of consciousness which is needed to give distinctiveness to an idealistic metaphysics; and the question is, what is left when the significance for reality of the self as against the outer world has faded before its lack of significance in the presence of the Absolute? Mr. Bosanquet is unmistakably an idealist. But he can hardly complain if his absolute idealism seems to many only a sublimated materialism.

CURRENT FICTION.

Through the Postern Gate. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is safe to say that lovers of "The Rosary" will find in this story the traits they cherish. The beautiful lady of thirty-six with firm, white, soft, strong, capable hands is here; and the youth whom she calls "Boy dear"; the comic relief in old family servitors, the games of tennis, the cups of tea with sugar and cream and explosive buns in the garden. Moreover, the distant wings of an airship are heard to flutter as becomes the tale of the moment. The sentiment is no less honeyed than before; the lover is a little younger and more audacious, his lady a little older, relatively, and more maternal. "Boy dear" or "Little Boy Blue" sets out to win his fair senior in seven days, in the face of her motherly objections. She is Jericho and he the besieging army of Israel. Of course, there is a rival; of course, an intermeddler. And these ingredients are served in a sprinkling of humor and with sugar, honey, glucose, and saccharin in amounts bordering on the indigestible.

The Sheriff of Badger. By George Pattullo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Here is a cowboy story which lacks a pretty and refined Eastern heroine and a perfect gentle knight in "chaps." In other words, its staple is plain human nature of the variety that occurs in the Southwest cattle country. Parts of the book have appeared in the form of magazine stories, and some of the incidents are of the kind commonly manufactured for Eastern consumption; but the characters and the setting are evidently drawn from life. Lafe Johnson, the hero—not a Swede, in spite of his name—is a fine fellow according to his lights; but when he goes to town with a friend who has made some money, he is not unlikely to find himself the next morning "lying under a pool-table in the 'Fashion,' lost in vague conjecture as to how he

arrived there." The women, from Grace Hawes, who "bathes dishes" at the "Cowboys' Rest," to Mrs. Floyd, the pretty young wife of the boss of the "Lazy L," are primitive in their plain-spokenness and their readiness to show their feelings. The heroine is a Chicago shop-girl who has come to the Southwest as a result of answering a marriage advertisement, and has been rescued from her worthless correspondent by the excellent sheriff. The interaction of characters and points of view is managed with skill and a good deal of humorous insight. There is not much plot, but there are plenty of interesting situations and lively sketches of customs along the Southwest border. The style is refreshingly breezy, and the dialogue expressive and racy of the soil. Some interesting snatches of cowboy song are quoted; for instance:

O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild ki-yotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the wind
blows free.

The Burgundian. By Marion Polk Angellotti. New York: The Century Co.

Rosemonde, daughter of a poor Provençal knight, went to Paris with the avowed intention of marrying a great man, and satisfying her unbounded ambition. Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, and Louis d'Orléans, brother of Charles VI, both fell in love with her, and by skilful manoeuvring she brought Louis to the point of a proposal; unfortunately, Jean caused him to be murdered, as history relates, and Rosemonde was foiled. For reasons unexplained, Jean treated her with the utmost respect, though she was entirely in his power, living as she did in his palace as lady-in-waiting to the Duchess. Therefore, nothing prevented her eventually marrying the devoted young knight, Jean's former squire, who had loved her always, and whom she had always loved, in spite of her ambitions. The story is really an excuse—not a bad one—for a pseudo-historical sketch of Jean sans Peur. Why are such violent and bloody tales invariably written by women?

The Street Called Straight. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Bros.

The author of "The Inner Shrine" here makes a business-like attempt to follow up that notable success. The result is not happy. We should say that this writer has little or no story-telling impulse—that he has a good deal of ingenuity in construction, and a clever knack with words. But the whole thing is derivative. Aune of Mr. Howells, of Mrs. Wharton, of Henry James, even, hang about these pages. A certain finesse of style, that is, is cultivated. But the substance is anything but subtle. Some of the dialogue is almost ludicrous in its inappositeness: the opening scene, for example, in which a num-

ber of supposedly well-bred people discuss their most delicate affairs in the presence of a stranger. Mr. King's real affiliations are with Robert W. Chambers rather than with the finer chroniclers of the social episode whose manner he emulates.

The Prison Without a Wall. By Ralph Straus. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is the story of Sylvanus de Bohun, Fellow of St. Mary's College. The author says he wrote a "Social History of the Roman People" in four brilliant volumes, but this cannot be true, for Sylvanus gives no signs of human intelligence. He is even less alive than the other characters in the book. One of the latter, Aunt Anne, smokes cheroots, and Sylvanus "watches her place one into (sic) a holder." She says: "Tah! I draw the line somewhere. Must. Eh?" So do we, at this novel; it is artificial, badly written, and eminently dull.

The Fall Guy. By Brand Whitlock. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A wide and diversified field is embraced in this collection of stories. Several of them centre in a town in southern Ohio, which is evidently home-ground to the author. It is safe to say that the circus under canvas tents came to Maccohee in Mr. Whitlock's day, and that by open or secret ways he made acquaintance with it at a tender age. Odd old folk must have lived and died there. There court was held, and judge and lawyer figured large in the town eye. On the glorious "Bloody Sixty-Sixth" of Civil War times "we were all reared," says the Maccohee boy. Its exploits enter into more than one of the fourteen stories here assembled. There are minor tales of holiday tours in Maine; portraits of town characters which may hardly be called stories, and drawings in detail of quaint episodes, as of an old woman watching a funeral across the road, that show what may be done with homely little happenings by the seeing eye and the discriminating pen. There are, besides, other and wider flights of no little impressiveness. Such are "The Fall Guy," the story of the man whose business was thieving; "The Field of Honor," a tale of a coward in the Civil War, and other stories of judgments passed on "grafter" and "loiterer." In these is revealed the most pronounced bent of the author's mind—sympathy for the under dog and a tenderly sharp eye for his readiness to make sacrifice for some other dog yet farther under. Mr. Whitlock goes still farther. In pitying his criminal he bitterly condemns the public, accusing it of making the criminal, and blaming it for exacting penalty. The fine imposed on "the girl that's down" for "loitering" is described as money "to buy society off, to bribe it, not to take its revenge upon

them." When the "grafting" alderman gets one year in prison, as a lenient sentence, Mr. Whitlock's comment is that one and ten years in prison are the same; that "society does not forgive or forget, or keep its bargain with its prisoners, but pursues them after they come out, to the end that all sentences to prison may be sentences for life." In the writer's social scheme there appears to be scant room for the law—a reform less needed than some others perhaps at this moment.

MARGARET OF SAVOY.

Margaret of France, Duchess of Savoy. By Winifred Stephens. New York: John Lane Co. \$4 net.

Sixteenth-century France rejoiced, as Pater says, in "three royal Margarets, much praised pearls of three succeeding generations." The celebration of the author of the "Heptameron" and of the adventurous Queen Margot has never ceased, but the memory of the second Margaret, daughter of Francis I and wife of Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy, was swift to fade. In our own century, however, she has twice won the honor of biography, as Miss Stephens's book follows a monograph by Roger Peyre. It would be hazardous to assert, with Miss Stephens, that Margaret of Savoy was the most learned woman of the century, for she left no writings other than her simple letters, and the contemporary evidence of her attainments is not conclusive; and it is certainly an exaggeration to say that at the time of her marriage she held the peace of Europe in her hand; but her beneficent energy, both in letters and in politics, was very great nevertheless, and the writing of the two biographies is fully justified. Both are excellent. M. Peyre's consists of a series of special and somewhat isolated discussions, while Miss Stephens's more extensive work is a complete and coherent narrative.

Margaret first came into individual prominence as patroness of the Pléiade. It was through her active intervention, as Ronsard narrates, that the court was won to interest in the poems of the young writers, despite the scorn of Mellin de Saint-Gelais. She is constantly celebrated in their verse, either by her own name, with its obvious opportunities for allusions and superlatives, or as the Pallas of the Renaissance. As Pallas, too, with the classic attributes of that divinity, she appears in a contemporary enamel by Jehan de Court. Ronsard, Du Bellay, and Jodelle are the three who are most constant in poetic devotion. Their tributes show that her relation to them was a very personal one, vigorous in encouragement and warm with sympathy. Miss Stephens adopts the theory of Léon Séché, that

Margaret was the lady sung in Du Bellay's "Olive," but that theory is by no means established. The fourth and the twenty-fourth sonnets of the collection seem clearly to have been written to one who really bore the name "Olive"—to say nothing of the fact that Miss Stephens places the presentation of the poet to Margaret in June, 1549, while the "Olive" appeared in the spring of that same year.

Many others wrote in her honor and with her favor, in French, Italian, or Latin: Saint-Gelais, Desportes, Del Bene, Flaminio, Scaliger, Buchanan, l'Hospital. It was to her interest that l'Hospital owed his political advancement. She made him chancellor of her duchy of Berry, and after her marriage called him to Savoy, whence he returned to be the chancellor of France.

Margaret's administration in Berry gave notable proof of her executive ability and of her enthusiasm for learning. By wise and generous measures she checked the commercial decline of the territory, and she did much to confirm and increase the prestige of the University of Bourges.

Her marriage to Emmanuel Philibert, the "second founder of Savoy," which renders her of interest in our day as ancestress of the royal Italian line, brought her into a field of new opportunities, which she used with admirable skill. She was constantly her husband's welcome counsellor. Frenchmen and Spaniards, jealous of each other and loath to leave Savoy, still garrisoned several of the chief cities, and her tactful influence was one of the main forces in effecting their peaceable withdrawal. Her last years, marked now and again by intervention on behalf of the Waldenses, were devoted mainly to the education of her son, Charles Emmanuel.

Miss Stephens devotes many chapters to circumstances and events in which Margaret's part was less prominent: the various unsuccessful plans for her marriage, famous tournaments she witnessed, episodes of court life in Paris and in Turin. Sometimes the matter thus included has little to do with Margaret. The amount of space devoted to her youth is disproportionately large, and the chapter on the Duc de Nemours and Françoise de Rohan would better have been omitted altogether. Yet Miss Stephens has done well not to limit her narrative too strictly, and her book as it stands affords an interesting, varied, and trustworthy picture of French court life in the Renaissance.

The book is admirably illustrated from sixteenth-century portraits and frontispieces, and the bibliography and index are excellent. Very few errors of any sort occur in the body of the work, but the rather casual preface is marred by reference to the present King of Italy as "Humbert." The publisher's announcement, for which, of course, Miss

Stephens is not responsible, locates the archives of Savoy at Tunis.

Notes

In "Boston New and Old," which Houghton Mifflin will issue in the autumn, T. Russell Sullivan will give a series of pen pictures, and Lester G. Hornby furnishes seventeen full-page drawings, headbands, tail-pieces, etc.

Scribners bring out this month "Majority Rule and the Judiciary: An Examination of Current Proposals for Constitutional Changes Affecting the Relation of the Courts to Legislation," by William L. Ransom, with an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt.

Earl Barnes's "Woman in Modern Society" is promised by Huebsch for this month.

Among the new books which Holt will issue in the autumn are: "Why Women Are So," by Mary Roberts Coolidge; "The Making of an American Business Woman," by Anne Shannon Monroe, and Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "The Montessori Mother," which is said to be an untechnical account of what the Montessori method is.

The Century Company announces: "English Fiction from the Fifth to the Twentieth Century," by Carl Holliday; "Source Book in Economics," by Frank A. Fetter; "English Composition and Style," by William T. Brewster, and S. E. Forman's "The American Republic."

Among the autumn announcements of Rand, McNally & Co. we note: "The Little King and Princess True," a series of nature stories by Mary Earle Hardy; "The Lovers," by Eden Philpotts; "Rowena's Happy Summer," by Celia Myrover Robinson; "When Were You Born," by "Cheiro"; "The Mermaid's Gift," by Julia Brown; "Modern Business Methods," by Teller & Brown; "Stories of the Pilgrims," by Margaret B. Humphrey; "A Christmas Party for Santa Claus," by Ida Huntington; "David Dunne," by Belle Maniates, and "The Story-Teller's Book," by Alice O'Grady.

Professor Gomperz has completed the fourth volume of his "Greek Thinkers," which will be issued by Murray next autumn in an English translation by G. J. Berry. The volume deals especially with Aristotle.

In a book to be published by Martin Secker, Lascelles Abercrombie reviews the work of Thomas Hardy, and makes a critical estimate of his place in English literature.

The announcements of Sampson Low, Marston & Co. include: "Dame Fashion," a history of feminine modes since 1786, by Julius M. Price; Kinglake's "Eothen," illustrated by Frank Brangwyn; an edition of "Lorna Doone," specially pictured by Christopher Clark; "Round the World for Gold," by Herbert W. L. Way; "Panama and the Canal To-day," by Forbes Lindsay; "Rough Roads: The Reminiscences of a Wasted Life," by Dyke Wilkinson; a series of the best stories by the leading English and French authors, issued at a popular price under the general head, Master-

pieces of Fiction; "An Amateur Gentleman," by Jeffery Farnol, and Mr. Farnol's "The Broad Highway," illustrated by C. E. Brock.

As a permanent memorial of the celebration of its 250th anniversary, the Royal Society has had printed, at the Oxford University Press, collotype facsimiles of all the signatures of the founders, patrons, and fellows of the Society recorded in its first journal book and the charter book from 1660 to the present time. The volume of signatures (which measures 18 by 14 inches) contains a photogravure portrait of Charles II, who gave the Society its charter, and a preface by Sir A. Geikie, the president. This memorial is now about to be issued by Henry Frowde, together with a third edition, entirely revised and rearranged, of "The Record of the Royal Society," originally edited by Prof. Michael Foster and Prof. A. W. Rucker.

Dr. Edwin Post, head of the Latin department of De Pauw University, is at work on a critical edition of the "Satiricon" of Petronius. Mr. Post's bibliography of the subject is said to be the best that has yet been compiled.

A correspondent directs attention to a recent paper in our Bibliophile columns, wherein our contributor dealt with documents, newly come to light, relating to Edgar Allan Poe without giving credit to their discoverer. It is true that Dr. Killis Campbell described these documents in the *Seawance Review* for April, and his paper was widely commented upon in the press. No doubt the publicity which it then received was our contributor's excuse for not mentioning it in further using the material. We regret if the *Nation* has seemed to do Dr. Campbell any injustice.

"Elizabethan Adventures Upon the Spanish Main" (Dutton), adapted from Hakluyt by Albert M. Hyamson, contains stirring tales about such worthies as Drake, Hawkins, Oxenham, Grenville; their hazardous voyages of plunder and discovery, and their fights for supremacy on the high seas. There is an account of the great Armada's destruction, for the author has not confined himself to the Spanish Main alone. He has modernized Hakluyt's spelling and elucidated involved passages, but has retained the original flavor of the narratives, in most instances written not by men of letters but by rough and ready mariners. The book should appeal to boys as well as their parents.

"New Auction and Dummy Play" (New York: A. W. Gleason), by John B. Gleason, is one of the most comprehensive books in the game yet printed. It is a complete treatise for beginners and advanced players, and should help both. Methods of bidding, common errors, information in bids, limits of bidding, and the many fine points that go to make up the game before the play are fully and clearly set forth.

Charles Thomas-Stanford is not an Orientalist, and knows it. He is an antiquary of the cultured, leisurely, old-fashioned kind, and so his "About Algeria" (Lane) has a flavor quite different from that of the ordinary tourist book. He frankly admits having read up Algeria before going there, but he digested his reading, and his own book can be read. Besides a good little sketch of the French conquest, there

are suggestive bits on the colonizing and development of the country and on Roman life in Africa. The thirty-two illustrations, from drawings and photographs, have distinction. But with an index of only seventy-seven entry-words, it was not well to remark on the generally indexless state of French books.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy, an English army chaplain who achieved fame once by writing a book called "How to Be Happy Though Married," dedicates another venture, "The Unvarying East" (Scribner), to "Sunday-school teachers who would learn in order to teach." The volume consists of rambling notes on various customs in Chinese and Mohammedan Asia which the author has affixed by way of commentary to some seven hundred Bible texts. It has been a good man's labor of love and has, probably, done him no harm, but its effect upon those accepting it as a source of information illustrative of Scripture life cannot be dismissed so lightly. To be told that all Orientals are alike is only true in the sense that they are all human beings more or less highly civilized. They are not similar because they may happen to hold to customs which are only superficially alike. Mr. Hardy finds that "in the north of China where it is very cold in winter a whole family—parents, children, and sometimes even servants—sleep together on a sort of platform over a stove. This illustrates what the man in the parable said, 'the door is now shut and my children are with me in bed' (Luke xi 7)." If he means that Syrians sleep like the Chinese on *kangs* he is grossly incorrect. The brick bed is as unknown in Palestine as in New York. If he means that whole households sleep together on the floor in both countries, he could find the same in this or any other great city. In many instances his explanations are useless because they do not explain; sometimes—but rarely, it must be said—they are untrue. Baalzebub, the "Lord of Flies," was not "worshipped by the Philistines hoping to be saved from the annoyance which flies and mosquitoes caused them in that country, as they do now," but because in some mysterious way the carrion flies suggested or symbolized re-birth.

The Virginia Military Institute, situated at Lexington, was before the Civil War a good school for soldiers, and since then has been vigorously maintained. Its greatest tradition is that for ten years Stonewall Jackson was one of its instructors, but it has others which it cherishes. In May, 1864, its cadets, organized as a battalion, boys ranging in age from fourteen to twenty, formed part of the small army under Breckenridge which at New Market defeated Sigel, who with a superior force was marching up the Shenandoah Valley. Enthusiasm and good leadership won victory for the Confederates, among whom the young soldiers were conspicuously brave. The New Market campaign was only a small ripple in the ebb and flow of the mighty warfare of the year 1864. The world in general cares little about its minute details. To participants, however, and their descendants, particularly to the honorable school whose young sons did here such valiant service to their cause, the careful story will have interest. This is given in "The New Mar-

ket Campaign" (Richmond: Whittet & Shep-
person), by E. R. Turner, a Southern scholar and now professor of European history at Ann Arbor. The narrative is well studied and clear, and fair to the combatants on both sides.

The appearance of S. C. Woodhouse's "English-Greek Lexicon" (Dutton) is a pleasing indication that strict academic etiquette in England no longer requires the student to use time-wasting methods when he wishes to know the Greek equivalent of an English word that he can safely use in his "copy" of Greek verse or prose. The lack of such a handbook by a reputable scholar is due, in England, at any rate, to the same unyielding attitude that makes the Eton boy acquire his Greek from a grammar written in Latin, and has given rise to that unhappy phrase, "compulsory Greek." Of course, there existed inferior Lexicons of this kind, but in the English universities they were contraband, and, if seen, would have blackened the reputation of the owner, who was supposed to quarry the required word or phrase from the author in whose style he was composing. So in producing this solid and respectable work of above a thousand pages Mr. Woodhouse is breaking with a tradition, and will save the undergraduate many an hour. In this country, where Greek verse is not written, and no such proficiency in prose writing is demanded as in England, the boon will be less keenly appreciated, but many a teacher who sets and corrects Greek prose will welcome this trustworthy lexicon. If he does not need the word and phrase supplied here for the verse-writer, he will at least be warned what to avoid for pure prose. The author often gives whole phrases to illustrate a usage, and in all cases indicates by initials what writers have used a word. He confines his attention to the Attic language, but adds a useful vocabulary of proper names, and gives the Greek forms of a number of Latin and other names. This will be a great comfort to the English youth who has to write a prize poem and cannot find in a classical author the Greek for Lincoln or London, Sennacherib, the Kurds, or the Seine. The volume is well got up, and the printing is admirably clear.

In the volume entitled "Acts of the Apostles" (Clarendon Press; Frowde), Dr. W. M. Furneaux offers the reader who is acquainted only with the English language an elaborate and trustworthy commentary. In a brief introduction designed to set forth the presuppositions upon which the exposition rests, the Dean of Winchester frankly admits that all parts of the book are not of equal historical value; that some incidents may have been duplicated, and that others betray traces of legendary accretion. These historical difficulties, however, do not prevent the assumption that the author is Luke; but they do intimate rather strongly that the work was planned and written, not during the lifetime of Paul, but in the latter part of the first century. The commentary proper is furnished with an independent translation, which is itself an interpretation. The notes may be read consecutively without weariness. Though the editor has drawn from many authorities, all duly indexed, he is

not a compiler, but an original and withal judicious commentator. The fact that he writes for readers who know only the English tongue explains the omission of references to such German commentaries, not translated into English, as Overbeck, Wendt, and Holtzmann.

The twelfth volume of the Camden Miscellany (Camden Society, 3d ser., Vol. XVIII, London, 1910) contains four groups of documents relating to English history. "Two London Chronicles," edited by C. L. Kingsford from the Stow MSS. in the British Museum, describe with laconic quaintness the penalties inflicted for "sellyng of Martyn Leuthar's bokes," for heresy, counterfeiting, murder, treason, and other common crimes of the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, as well as some sermons and other edifying public events. It is rather amusing to compare these chronicles with that of Stow himself and find that the famous author of the "Survey of London" was engaged in slavishly copying these identical chronicles at the very time when he was censuring Grafton for having made an unfair use of his own printed work. The second document is a confident seventeenth century eulogy of that so-called Hector Britannicus, Sir John Digby. Sir John is remembered not merely as the brother of Sir Kenelm, but as one of the ardent champions who fought and died for Charles I in the Civil Wars. This is followed by an *Iter Bellicosum*, an eight-page description of the Battle of Sedgemoor by an eye-witness; it includes an apparently accurate list of prisoners which the writer, a drummer, jotted down on the head of his drum. The volume closes with several valuable agrarian documents of the seventeenth century, edited by the veteran economic historian, Dr. William Cunningham. These report with vivid minuteness the customs and regulations which governed the mutual relations of copyholders and other persons entitled to share in the enjoyment of the common lands in a couple of villages near Cambridge, England. They illustrate the interesting system of collective management of commons which was once generally prevalent, but has now died out. Its democratic town-meeting machinery, however, was transplanted to Massachusetts, and in the new atmosphere and new surroundings came to play an important part in the constitutional and political history of the United States.

Volume XIX of the Camden Society (3d series, London, 1910) is devoted to Oscar Browning's edition of the dispatches sent home to England by the English Ambassador at Paris in the years 1788 to 1790. Before the advent of the electric telegraph, the submarine cable, and the modern newspaper, a foreign ambassador had, as these dispatches bear witness, a somewhat more important and independent position than his twentieth-century successor. The eighteenth-century ambassador also enjoyed more importance as a gatherer and transmitter of general news than is possible when he has to meet the competition of modern news-agencies. Thus, these dispatches from Paris, aside from their value as to the relations between France and England and European politics in general, give a good summary every few days of the great events in the early months of the French Revolution from the point of view of a detached

and intelligent observer. Incidentally, they tend to show, as Mr. Rose has recently pointed out, that Pitt personally had a strong desire for friendship with France.

The "Essay on Hinduism, Its Formation and Future" (London: Luzac), by Shridhar V. Ketkar, which forms the second volume of his "History of Caste in India," is in all respects a most disappointing book. The common charge that the Hindu mind is devoid of the historic sense will only be confirmed by such productions as this, nor will the author's superficial views on sociology tend to mitigate the severity of this judgment—his chapter on the Theory of Social Evolution would be ludicrous, were it not pathetic. The very title of the book disguises the real purpose of its author, who is simply and solely polemizing on behalf of Vedantism, to hasten the day when, as he hopes, the entire world will accept this somewhat vapid pantheism. Thus all mankind will be Hinduized. The process is so simple! Mohammedans and Christians (the chief bugbears of Dr. Ketkar) will renounce their "theophraties," join some such body as the Arya or Brahmo Samaj, and adopt a few Hindu ideas, besides renouncing the hideous sins of eating meat and drinking wine. They will then declare themselves to be Hindus, and they will *ipso facto* be Hindus, provided no native-born Hindus are rude enough to contradict them. True, they will be only low-caste, but they ought to be thankful that they are any caste at all. These "theophraties," if we may believe Dr. Ketkar, are very bad, indeed.

Once [the reviewer, and, perhaps, some others, would be very glad to know just when] the entire Hindu civilization was in process of spreading itself over the whole world, and was going to accomplish a unification of civilizations in the world. But this course was arrested by the rise of "religions," the great dividers of mankind. These two Semitic religions sharply differentiated themselves from each other and both from the rest of the world, and thus made mutual understanding of men more difficult (p. 157).

The "Future of Hinduism," as outlined by Dr. Ketkar, has all the attractiveness of sugared gruel, although the past history of India lends little support to this figment of his imagination. Equally superficial is his attitude towards religion. By an amusing series of quibbles, Dr. Ketkar demonstrates very conclusively (to his own mind) that the Hindus have no religion. The falsity of this is self-evident, and so little comprehension does he have of Hinduism itself that he regards as ignorance any effort to distinguish between it and animism. In fact, anything and everything is Hinduism to him which

has not fallen from Hinduism; that is, taken up the membership of any community like Christian or Mohammedan, which is not considered as a Hindu community (p. 33), . . . and the one and only mark of heterodoxy is the "formation of new tribes with a separate social existence with some theological doctrine, wise or stupid, at the basis" (p. 104).

Happily, two chapters, on Internal Ties and on Modern Social Conditions, stand apart from the general level of the book. Yet the material given in them, where the author is stating actual present-day facts, and not theories and prophecies, is to be found equally well (and usually better), in almost any standard work on India and its

religions, and is really a mere commonplace to all students of the subject.

As A. Hilliard Atteridge says in his "Joachim Murat, Marshal of France and King of Naples" (Brentano's), the career of this soldier-monarch "is one of the romances of history." One rereads the record of the events in which he figured, curiously alert to discover in the man himself some adequate explanation of his extraordinary rise from the rustic seminary, wearing the soutane, and from the military ranks, to the highest dignities of the Empire, and to a royal crown. And again one is disappointed. Purely physical courage he had, and a certain personal magnetism which made him a leader on the field of battle. But outside of a limited administrative ability, this is about all. For the rest, it is clear that he owed everything to circumstances—and that he never recognized this fact. Fatuousness and vanity are, indeed, the dominant traits of his personality. They are seen to perfection in a veritably simian passion for finery. More than any one else in that bedizened epoch, he compromises the grandeur of the Napoleonic régime by a touch of the grotesque. Napoleon himself must have felt this on one occasion at least, when, at Tilsit, he told Murat that he looked like a circus rider and ordered him to go and put on a general's uniform. And yet it is impossible to deny that in Baron Gros's painting of the Battle of Eylau—a picture that Mr. La Farge called one of the great battle pictures of the world—the presence of Murat striding his steed in semi-oriental splendor is responsible for no small share of the imaginative strangeness or fantasy that pervades the scene. Transported thus to a world of dreams, Murat can have his theatrical effectiveness as a symbol. He stands, ideally, for certain elements of legend and history in the background of his master's revery of world-wide conquest and of an empire reminiscent of all empires that had ever existed from the dawn of time. It is only in the lowest sense that Murat can be regarded as a hero of any kind.

The Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, editor of several encyclopædias of religious knowledge, died just a week ago. He was born in 1851. As an author he is remembered especially for his "Huldreich Zwingli" in the Heroes of the Reformation series.

The Rev. Samuel Fitch Hotchkiss, registrar of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, and a writer, died on Thursday of last week, at the age of seventy-nine. He was a graduate of Trinity College and of the General Theological Seminary. Among his books are: "The Unseen Christ," "The Living Saviour," and memoirs of Bishops Stevens and Otey.

Science

The intimate relations of geography to the state and the Church are very clearly shown by Lord Curzon, Mr. Asquith, and the Archbishop of Canterbury in addresses reported in the *Geographical Journal* for July. Lord Curzon emphasized the "absolute revolution" between the study of geography when he was a boy and what it

is now. Dwelling upon its present significance, he said: "The time has long gone by when a Secretary of State for the Colonies—was it Lord Palmerston?—upon being appointed to the Colonial Office, had to ask the secretary to open an atlas to show him where those 'something' places were. It is no longer possible to sign away, or give away, great and splendid dominions like the island of Java through the gross ignorance or the culpable ineptitude of Downing Street. Our present administrators live in an atmosphere of maps, and if you go down to a public office you will see that the most important decorations are the portraits of the present incumbents' predecessors—which I believe they contemplate with a certain gloomy satisfaction—and the maps which hang upon the walls. I dare say that the Prime Minister spends more time in consulting large-scale maps than he does in reading the speeches—I was going to say of his opponents, but I think I will say of his colleagues."

In reply, Mr. Asquith dwelt on "the enormous services the Royal Geographical Society has rendered, both to the expansion of human knowledge and to the building up and consolidation of this great Empire." The Archbishop spoke particularly upon the simplification of the work of the Christian Church throughout the world through the investigations of the geographers.

"Cotton Growing in Egypt" is a report by Arno Schmidt, secretary of the International Cotton Federation, who was sent to Egypt to prepare an itinerary for a tour of investigation by members of the Federation. It contains much valuable information derived from personal interviews with the leading cotton experts in the country and from a careful inspection of some of the cotton fields, gins, and presses. It is interesting also to learn from it that the new Agricultural Department is seriously working to enlarge the crop and improve the quality, and that Lord Kitchener himself is taking a large personal interest in the matter. There are sixteen illustrations and three diagrams, including a map showing the percentages of the area under cotton cultivation.

Interesting experiments during early spring of the present year were made in California for protecting almond trees from frost. These trees (California "paper-shell"), being in blossom in February, were covered with weather-proof manila, left on for a day and night, or longer. In a ten-mile breeze it took three men an hour to cover one tree, and it was also shown that the cover could not be put on after dark. With a temperature of 19 degrees Fahrenheit outside, the thermometer showed 24 degrees within the cover, a difference not as great as was expected. In short, while the loss of heat was retarded by the cover, it was not sufficiently decreased to warrant extensive use of the method in its present form. Evidently the idea needs further study and development. Careful statistics have been compiled with reference to the danger point of peach buds, but there should seem to be no set of similar experiments relating to almonds. Temperature of the air is not always that of the tree, and varying heights above the ground may also give different results. The freezing point of water is not necessarily

32 degrees Fahrenheit, and it may not be the same in all plants. Re-warming after exposure is an important point, and it took place too rapidly in the experiments described. The cover must be improved to present a more effective insulation: Perhaps it should be a double cover with intervening air space.

George Massee, assistant keeper of the Herbarium at the Royal Gardens, Kew, Eng., has taken advantage of the new processes of color printing to publish forty plates of mushrooms and the like, with about eight figures of fungi on each plate. His book, entitled "British Fungi" (Dutton), has a general account of the larger fungi, with their classification and identification, and text descriptive of the species. It has also a short statement in regard to lichens. In general the photographic copies are good, and many of them are far above mediocrity. Only practical use of the volume in the field can show whether mushroom-lovers in this country will be able to match our species by the pictures of these British forms. The trial is well worth while.

A book presenting to the intelligent reader one of the most modern tendencies in biological science is Czapek's "Chemical Phenomena in Life," in Harper's Library of Living Thought. Professor of plant physiology in the University of Prague, a doctor of medicine as well as of philosophy, and a skilled chemist, Czapek carries the reader through a clear and stimulating exposition of the relations of biology and chemistry to the discussion of chemical phenomena in the living matter. How far all this is from the botany of our childhood! Not a flower "analyzed," not a plant named, not a specimen embalmed in a fragrant herbarium. Analysis, but of matter by reagent and balance; names of substances, of elements and compounds, of colloids, gels, and crystalloids, of solutions, suspensions, and enzymes; specimens, if any, in vials and chemically pure.

The "Elements of Statistical Method" (Macmillan), by Prof. W. I. King, reads like a romance of common sense, general reasoning, and elementary mathematics applied to the use of statistics. Every educated person ought to read at least one such book. Most works on statistical method are intelligible to none but experts.

G. W. Evans's "The Teaching of High School Mathematics" (Houghton Mifflin), "The Teaching of Primary Arithmetic" (Houghton Mifflin), by Henry Suzallo, and "First Journeys in Numberland" (Scott, Foresman), by Ada Van Stone Harris and Lillian M. Waldo, are all of them thoughtful and happy little essays belonging to the field of psychology, applied to teaching.

In "Junior Mathematics" (Frowde), by D. B. Mair, a course for beginners in algebra and geometry, one finds no list of definitions, no set of axioms or postulates, and no complete or formal demonstrations, the making or finding of these things being left for the pupil under guidance and suggestion; an excellent principle worked a bit too hard.

Dr. Maurice Howe Richardson, one of the foremost surgeons of this country, died at his home in Boston on Wednesday of last week. He was born in 1851, graduated from Harvard in 1877, was appointed demonstrator of anatomy in 1882, and since 1907 was

Moseley professor of surgery. He contributed to "Park's Surgery by American Authors" and to "Dennis' System of Surgery."

Drama and Music

PLIGHT OF THE AMATEUR PLAY-WRIGHT.

A recent court trial in New York, involving a well-known theatrical manager and an unknown writer of plays, has an interest other than that connected with the specific question at issue. Plagiarism is a difficult subject to deal with. It is hard to convict on the charge, even before the bar of public opinion. There is always the defence, and frequently it is a true defence, of simultaneous inspiration. The history of scientific discovery has famous instances of two men having hit upon the truth at the same time. There is no reason why this should not be true of imaginative literature, especially with the literature of the theatre, which is so much concerned with topics that are "in the air," and which has to deal with a fairly limited number of situations and devices. And even where plagiarism is proved, popular opinion has been educated to regard the crime as no crime at all, whatever the judges may say. The example of Shakespeare, of Molière, and of other men who were in the habit of taking their own wherever they found it, has served to establish the principle that literary peculation is justified by the use to which it is put. "Thou shalt not steal" does not hold in the history of the drama, if the stolen goods are converted into a product of higher merit.

Quite another phase of the dramatist's business is suggested by the law-suit to which we have alluded. The manager who is accused of borrowing an unknown contributor's ideas, has lost patience over the frequency with which such charges have been brought in connection with successful plays he has produced. No one, he complains, has ever gone to court to prove that he is the author of a play which has been a commercial failure. He has, therefore, determined to receive no more unsolicited manuscripts. The game is not worth the candle. The genius for whom we are all waiting to emerge from obscurity and create an American drama, refuses to appear. It is only a waste of time to plod through the thousands of manuscripts that pour into every theatrical manager's office, month in and month out. And, as the testimony in the present case shows, the manager in question has really been acting up to the decision he has just announced. Manuscripts that have never reached his hands are sent back by courteous secretaries, who regret that, after care-

ful consideration, etc., the manager is forced to conclude that Mr. Smith's excellent play does not quite fall in with the requirements, etc. Thus the sheet of paper which the aspiring dramatist carries about with him, drawing consolation out of its vague politeness, is in reality a hoax and a delusion.

Now, even to such procedure there would be no reason for making serious objection, but for one thing. A man of business may reject a "proposition" on any terms he pleases. If an unwelcome book-agent besieges the office door, it is proper enough to make him go away, by any lawful means. But the unknown dramatists who flood the manager's offices with their manuscripts are, in a very important sense, not uninvited contributors. The cry of the theatrical manager for new plays continually echoes in the newspaper columns. When a play-producer yearns for a bit of publicity, he will usually take up the unknown dramatist. He will announce the most elaborate plans for the unearthing of hidden genius. He will speak of the army of professional readers whom he keeps busy on the hunt for new plays. In his most expansive moments, the manager will offer, or profess to offer, cash bonuses, free hearings, free trials, the free use of his theatres to any man of promise. He is willing to take even less than a play. Give him half a good play, and he will write the other half himself. Give him an idea with dramatic possibilities in it, and he will develop it himself. Fortunes are to be had for a good third act, for a good scenario, for a good single situation. Like the second-hand clothing dealers, there is no stock, of however little value, on which they are not prepared to make an offer.

All this is, of course, only skilful advertising. The wise do know it. But why blame the thousands of writers, bad and not so bad, hopeless and not so hopeless, who take all these fine professions seriously and hasten to enrich the United States Post Office? To turn round and sneer at this wistful army, as this particular play-producer has done, is unjust. It is a little more than unjust; it is misleading to spread abroad the impression that you will read everything that is sent to you, and then read nothing. This is quite aside, as we have said, from the question of plagiarism. In fact, if the practice of not reading plays is universal among managers, then the charge of plagiarism, of course, falls to the ground. If managers were really frank about this business of the unknown playwright; if, instead of dwelling on the amazing profits which await the successful author, they announced what the real chances are of an unsolicited manuscript's being accepted—the chance has been estimated as 1 in 10,000—they would do real good by effecting a notable reduction in the army

of amateur playwrights whom the managers find so much of a nuisance and an expense.

David Blapham was one of the busiest of singers during the past season, putting to his credit no fewer than 179 appearances.

Caruso is studying the rôle of Wagner's Tannhäuser, and hopes to sing it for the first time in Berlin next October. Lohengrin should seem more in his line; but he is a great enough artist, actor, as well as singer, to do justice to that extremely difficult rôle. His autumn tour in Germany begins on September 14 in Vienna, where he will appear three times. Munich and Stuttgart follow, and in October Berlin and Hamburg will have opportunities to hear him.

It will be easy sailing for Umberto Giordano if his opera, "Madame Sans Gêne," is produced at our Metropolitan next season, with a list of singers including Caruso, Farrar, and Amato. Giordano is not a great composer, but he is an Italian, and he is lucky. All Italian composers are thus favored at the Metropolitan. So are the German composers. The French are not. No great French singers are engaged at the Metropolitan, and French operas are given with inferior casts and conductors, for no other reason, apparently, than because two gentlemen from Milano do not, personally, like French opera. How much longer will the directors of the Metropolitan and the New York public tolerate this state of affairs?

Dr. Leopold Schmidt agrees with the Viennese critics that Mahler's ninth symphony is not the climax of his creative activity, as was the case with the ninth symphonies of Beethoven and Bruckner. It was Mahler's custom to file at his works till the day of the final rehearsal, and it is thought probable that he would have made some advantageous changes, especially in the second movement, the theme of which is rather commonplace. This movement, on account of its excessive length and comparative lack of interest, should be omitted altogether, or at least much shortened. It is not needed for the sake of contrast. The last movement was generally admired most.

As was to be expected, the renewed attempts of the Cosima-Wagnerites to persuade the German Parliament to make an exception to the copyright-expiration law and allow Bayreuth to retain its "Parsifal" monopoly, has called into existence a counter-agitation. By way of compromise it has been suggested most sensibly that, while that sublime work should be no longer withheld from the German nation at large, it should not be incorporated into the regular repertoires, but given as festival performances on special occasions. That is what is done in New York, where "Parsifal" is never sung in the evening, but on certain holidays; and the plan has been found to work well.

Some years ago Finland's composer, Jan Sibelius, received a Government pension for life. It is now announced that the Czar has just made an addition to this of \$500 a year. In the Scandinavian countries it has long been customary to aid composers in this way; among those who benefited

by this wise policy were Gade in Denmark and Grieg in Norway.

Art

The Italians have explored a large necropolis at the ancient Roman town of Oia, near Tripoli, and have discovered twenty-one rock-hewn tombs containing many glass and bronze vases as well as earthenware cinerary urns.

At a recent meeting of the German Archaeological Institute in Rome, Prof. M. Meurer read an important paper regarding the famous gold ornaments from the shaft graves at Mycenæ. He did not accept either the theory held by Schliemann that they were placed directly on the body of the dead, nor that advanced by Stais that they were attached to the couches on which the dead were presumably placed; but made the interesting suggestion that they were used as decorations on anthropomorphic coffins, similar to those in use in Egypt. If his theory should prove right, we should here have another point of contact between the Egyptian and the "Mycenæan" civilization.

Interesting details of the discoveries made by Professor Garstang during his recent excavations in the Orient, at the head of the Hittite expedition of the University of Liverpool, have now been received. Work was resumed at Sakje-Geuzi, where excavations had been begun three years ago. A large mound, 160 feet high and 500 feet across, was found to be entirely artificial. Near the surface were unearthed splendid fortifications of Seleucid origin; lower down remains of the Roman and Greek periods; and at a depth of sixteen feet to twenty feet Hittite objects began to appear. Even forty feet below the surface Hittite buildings were discovered, these dating from about 1500 B. C., while those at a higher level belonged to the period of about 600 B. C. The Hittite houses of the eighteenth dynasty which were brought to light had been obviously destroyed by fire, suggesting that the place had been carried by assault, possibly by an expedition of the Pharaohs. Wooden verandas and roofs which had fallen between the still remaining walls and trenches could be traced. In a smaller mound near by was discovered a royal palace, where the local King-Priest lived; this palace was found in one corner of a regular enclosure, and was surrounded by a stout fortified stone wall. The chief result of the excavations was the recovery of the plan of the royal city and the discovery of some new sculptures. The expedition also explored the whole valley from Marash to beyond Antioch, and, among other things, located the royal cities of four or five petty kings.

The excavations carried on at Abydos by the Egypt Exploration Fund, under the direction of E. Naville, have led to some remarkable results. Work was concentrated on the "Osireion," a group of constructions originally discovered by Prof. Flinders Petrie. Here a passage was cleared, of which only the door had hitherto been known. It was found to have been cut in a mound of marl, the side walls being well preserved.

The ceiling, which consisted of monolithic sandstone architraves about nine feet long, had been carried away almost entirely. On both sides were found chapters of the "Book of the Dead," with well-engraved vignettes. For a length of about fourteen metres the passage sloped downward, then it became horizontal again, and suddenly it came to an end. On both sides were wide openings which evidently were chambers, and in front a doorway with a huge monolithic lintel fifteen feet long. Behind this were two others of the same length and thickness, the whole forming a door in a stone wall of sandstone and red quartzite. Beyond this doorway seemed to be at least four more chambers, but only one could be traced and excavated. Except in the passage no sculptures appeared. On some painted scenes could be read the name of Meneptah. The excavators had hoped that the passage would lead to the Temple of Seti; the fact that it suddenly came to an end was therefore a surprise. At present no similar building is known in Egypt, and the questions raised by this discovery can only be answered when the work of clearing has gone further.

"Nature's Harmonic Unity" (Putnam), by Samuel Colman, N.A., edited by C. Arthur Coan, is an elaborate study of proportion in nature and in art. The method is geometrical. The demonstration of harmonic unity underlying plant and animal form, force, light, and sound vibrations, crystals and architecture is nothing more nor less than showing that all these phenomena may be graphically represented in their significant proportions by orderly derivation from the circle and the regular polygons. For example, the Parthenon front may be derived, as Jay Hambidge has shown, from the simple progressions of the circle and square. Mr. Colman plots it in several other forms. In fact, there could be no more striking proof of the fallacy of the method than that the Parthenon may or must result from any one of half a dozen elementary forms. An interesting diagram is that which derives the full face and profile of the Hermes of Praxiteles from a pentagon. The slightly heavier head of the Venus de Milo is born of a hexagon. All this sounds more absurd than it is. The geometrical webs are honestly made. Mr. Coan, the mathematical collaborator, vouches for the constructions and duly records in notes all slight errors, the greatest of which are artistically negligible. As to proving a geometrical basis for nature, this book merely shows graphically what is usually stated numerically. As a method of designing anything, these diagrams seem merely a confusing way of illustrating what is more simply expressed in numbers. For instance, Viollet le Duc's familiar statement that the cross section of the Cathedral of Amiens is based on a proportion of five to eight is far clearer than Mr. Colman's geometrical scheme. Returning to the Parthenon, it is evident that nothing really like it could be derived from the diagrams that contain it. These would conceivably establish the main proportions, but the great accents, the concealed curves in the columns and architrave—in short, all that makes the Parthenon what it is, could never be thus inferred. What this book offers is a graceful mathematical diversion, a method of saying elaborately to the eye what may

often be said more plainly to the ear. The demonstrations are often ingenious, and may attract to the study of proportion some who might refuse the apparently, but not really more difficult, numerical approach.

The publishers of the well-known English periodical *Country Life* have, from time to time, collected and issued in separate volumes various series of articles on subjects connected with rural architecture and gardening. The most recent of these is a compilation entitled "The House and Its Equipment" (Scribner), made up of forty-four short papers on a variety of subjects relating to domestic architecture and gardening. Five of these articles are by the editor, Lawrence Weaver; the balance by various experts, among whom may be named Ernest Newton, Prof. Halsey Ricardo, J. A. Gotch, H. Inigo Triggs, C. H. B. Quennell, Maurice Hird. The articles are non-technical and popular, too brief to be of particular service to architects, or to convey to the inquiring amateur any but the most elementary information on the subjects treated. These comprise such topics as Color, Plaster-work, Fireplaces, The Children's Attic, The Design of Grand Pianos, Sewage Disposal, Acetylene in the Country House, Garden Houses, and the like, arranged with no particular sequence or logical connection. The chief value of the book lies in its illustrations, which present and explain, far better than the text, the charm of much of the best modern English domestic architecture. Although some of the detail is peculiar to English practice and conditions, these illustrations are full of suggestions to the American architect and prospective house builder. They are beautifully reproduced and printed.

"John Lavery and his Work" (Dana Estes), by Walter Shaw-Sparrow, is a large octavo well illustrated both in color and monochrome. For the lack of variety in the work—Lavery is chiefly a fashionable portrayer of women—the author has offered a compensating vivacity, not to say flippancy. To the present writer the letter press was a considerable impediment to the enjoyment of the essential charm and rightness of the painting. Born in Ireland, fledged in Glasgow, eclectically trained in Paris, John Lavery has steadily and normally passed from honor to honor. All the desirable medals have come to him; his pictures are in thirty public galleries in five continents. This year the Carnegie Institute accords him an entire gallery at Pittsburgh. Nor can one grudge him his success. He has unaffectedly revived the straight tradition of British portraiture. To the obvious appeal of the grace of English womanhood his response is immediate and accurate. As Mr. Shaw-Sparrow rather tediously reiterates, Lavery is "chivalric" towards his fair sitters. Too much the gentleman to analyze them deeply, he is a sensitive appreciator of their moods and poses. One might say he has the gift of taking them at their best face value. The unflinching winsomeness of his work recalls his great predecessors of the eighteenth century. It would be absurd to admit that he has either the exquisiteness of Gainsborough or the stylistic authority of Sir Joshua, but Lavery does paint quite as Romney brought to date would have done.

He is variously clever. His Morocco pictures, his decorations, his rare compositions, evince alertness and exceptional intelligence. But his portraits of women remain his most significant work. The rare merit is his of combining cleverness with simplicity. His dexterity seems never a self-assertion but a homage to the fascination of his sitter. A great popularity could hardly be more honestly grounded. We could wish a more sober and critical account of his career, but are glad to have, on any terms, so adequate a pictorial representation of a life work still actively in the making.

Finance

"PROSPERITY" AND THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

Regarded from a calm and judicial point of view, there ought to be nothing especially surprising in the cheerful opinions which have prevailed recently concerning the general outlook, except the fact that the cheerful people should seem to believe that they had made a discovery. The general drift of affairs in the direction of better things has been plainly enough evident since the beginning of the year. It was recognized by the experienced observer, in the early months of 1912, that a very thorough process of liquidation and readjustment had been carried out in this country, that business had been brought to a sound and conservative basis, that our position in international finance had become that of creditor rather than debtor, that we had abandoned a mass of extravagant and fantastic ideas which had been leading our markets into trouble, and that we were in a position to get the benefit of any really favorable turn in our commerce and agriculture which might fall to our lot. Since subsequent events have moved smoothly in such directions, it was reasonable to expect that this cheerful attitude would continue.

That it was so frequently reversed or abandoned, during the recent months, may doubtless be explained as a tribute to the traditions of politics. Nothing is more difficult to shake than the belief that business must be injured and prosperity arrested by a Presidential campaign. The record of steady improvement in such directions, presented by 1908 and 1904, is not accepted as anything conclusive; indeed, one seldom hears any reference to those occasions. A Presidential contest, *ipso facto*, must stand in the way of better times.

This popular view has an element of humor in it. Not only the American markets, but the markets of Europe which discuss American affairs, have been gravely setting forth, for months, the view that nothing of real improvement can occur in American business prosperity until after the Presidential

vote; but that after the polls are closed and the result announced, the "boom" will begin at once. This prediction, it should be observed, makes no account of what that result may be. Taft, Wilson, or the third candidate may carry off the honors. No matter; all that business is waiting for is to have the vote counted.

To any one not familiar with the habits of financial prophets, there would be something naïve about this. At ten o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, November 6, Prosperity will suddenly appear on the scene, but until that hour the markets are not to behave as if it were coming. Financiers are to talk with one another, during August and September and October, as if nobody could be sure of the fundamentals of prosperity until he knew what the voters had done; but they are always to add that, whatever the voters eventually do, it will be greeted by enthusiastic forward movements in the markets.

This would not seem altogether in line with Wall Street's much-vaunted practice of "discounting" the future, and, in fact, it is open to considerable doubt whether Wall Street and the world of business have been in the habit of acting on such theories. This attitude of the prophets may be in line with the attitude always assumed by the political orators while the campaign is under way—with Mr. Taft's assurances that "political and economic revolution and business paralysis" would inevitably follow election of Mr. Wilson; with Mr. Roosevelt's even louder assurances that all hope of freedom for the American people must be laid aside unless he is chosen to look after its preservation. There will be people—say in the late weeks of October—who will wake up at night with dreams of business insolvency and of political fetters, and no doubt even Wall Street is affected by such popular imaginings; for the Stock Exchange, even when it is not frightened itself, will often take account of the possibility of fright among other people.

Yet it is never quite easy to find the man who is adjusting his personal affairs with a view to the coming catastrophe, and the story on such occasions usually is, that the Stock Exchange and the mercantile community go on doing, in the face of the campaign, exactly what they would have done in a political off-year, and continue to buy securities or merchandise in a good season, or to sell them in a bad one, even while observing across the counter, to the party of the second part, that no one can know whether to buy or sell until after election day. As a rule, the only tangible result of this performance is that when the electoral news has been at last announced, a belated public rushes in with the firm conviction that the whole economic outlook of the country has been changed. When that happens, one is also apt to see the people who

had been making their bargains a month or two before election, reversing their own position and taking their profits as if all the predictions of a "post-election boom" had been unfounded. When asked to explain such action on their part (as in 1908 and 1904 and 1900) they will usually reply that trade and finance had not waited for the November vote to begin improvement and had not been disturbed by the political contest, and that the stock market had been paying just as much attention, and no more, to the "political argument."

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Blount, J. H. *The American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912*. Putnam.
Browning Centenary Celebration at Westminster Abbey, May 7, 1912. Edited by Professor Knight. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.
Carrington, T. S. *Fresh Air and How to Use It*. National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. \$1.
Catholic Encyclopedia. Vol. XIX, Simony-Tour. R. Appleton Co.
Dewey, Stoddard. *Four French Adventurers*. Thomas Nelson & Sons.

Dickens's Tale of Two Cities. Edited by E. H. K. McComb. Holt.
Dougherty, J. H. *Power of Federal Judiciary Over Legislation*. Putnam.
English Essays (1600-1900). Selected by S. V. Makower and B. H. Blackwell. Frowde.
Gore, John. *The Barmecide's Feast*. Lane. 80 cents net.
Halévy, Elie. *Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siècle*. Paris: Hachette.
Hess, F. L. and E. *Bibliography of the Geology and Mineralogy of Tin*. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Hoffman, H. S. *The Gift of Suffering*. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.
How, W. W., and Wells, J. A. *Commentary on Herodotus*. 2 vols. Frowde.
Jacobs, C. E., and Read, E. E. *Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party*. Boston: Page. \$1.50.
Jones, S. R., and others. *The Village Homes of England*. (International Studio.) Lane Co. \$3.50 net.
Leavitt, F. M. *Examples of Industrial Education*. Boston: Ginn. \$1.25.
Livingstone, R. W. *The Greek Genius and Its Meaning to Us*. Frowde.
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Poole, Mrs. R. L. *Catalogue of Oxford Portraits*. Vol. I. Frowde.
Poole, R. L. *The Exchequer in the Twelfth Century: The Ford Lectures, delivered 1911*. Frowde.
Putnam, G. H. *A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-5*. Putnam.

Report of the Commissioners of Education, for year ended June 30, 1911. Vol. II. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Responsions Papers in Stated Subjects, with Answers to Questions, and Introduction by C. A. Marcon and F. G. Brabant. Frowde.
Selden Society Publications. Vol. XXVII, 1912. Year Books of Edward II, Vol. VII. London: Quaritch.
Shadwell, L. L. *Enactments in Parliament, specially concerning the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge*. 4 vols. Frowde.
Shakespeare. *Histories and Poems; Tragedies*. Frowde.
Smith, C. A. *The American Short Story*. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.
Strachan-Davidson, J. L. *Problems of the Roman Criminal Law*. 2 vols. Frowde.
Synge, J. M. *Complete Works*. 4 vols. Boston: Luce & Co.
Thompson, A. H. *Military Architecture in England During the Middle Ages*. Frowde.
Van Someren, R. A. L., and V. G. L. *Studies of Bird Life in Uganda*. London: John Bale, Sons & Danielsson.
Walker, J. B. *An Unsinkable Titanic*. Dodd, Mead. \$1 net.
Wedekind, Frank. *Such Is Life: A Play in Five Acts*. Philadelphia: Brown Bros. \$1.25 net.
Werner-Spanhoofd, A. *Elementarbuch der Deutschen Sprache*. Boston: Heath.
Ziv, R. L. *The Voice of Reason, and the Use and Abuse of the Title Dr.* New York: The Author.

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